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(J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.)

REVIEWS

The Last Days of Pompeii. By E. L. Bulwer, author of 'Pelham.' 3 vols. London: Bentley.

From no work of Mr. Bulwer's have we risen with such admiration of his genius, as from 'The Last Days of Pompeii.' There may be as fine passages, as fine scenes, a finer development of human motives, feelings, passions, in others—but never before, to our thinking, has he shown such an absolute and entire mastery over his subject,—such artistic power. This may seem strange, but will be found true, and true, perhaps, for the very reason that makes it seem strange. The manners, the customs, the habits of life which he had now to describe, were all foreign to him, therefore he could not draw from his own experience, by which he has ever been, to a limited extent, cabined and shut in. His knowledge of the universal nature of man, could alone serve him on this occasion, and nobly has it done so. The unity of interest in this work is also admirable. From the first moment the reader is unconsciously involved in the story, and at last he is swept onwards, without power to stay his course, into that whirlpool of passion and of suffering with which it concludes.

The very opening scenes are proofs of the skilful management to which we refer. There is nothing startling; no note of preparation is sounded; the tone is, indeed, subdued to the severity of classic beauty; but by this, the mind is at once cut off from all the associations of ordinary life. We will give an extract even thus early:—

"The Via Domitiana was crowded with passengers and chariots, and exhibited all that gay and animated exuberance of life and motion which we find at this day in the streets of Naples.

"The bells of the cars as they rapidly glided by each other, jingled merrily on the ear, and Clodius, with smiles or nods, claimed familiar acquaintance with whatever equipage was most elegant or fantastic—in fact, no young man was better known about Pompeii.

"What, Clodius! and how have you slept on your good fortune?" cried, in a pleasant and musical voice, a young man, in a chariot of the most fastidious and graceful fashion. Upon its surface of bronze were elaborately wrought, in the still exquisite workmanship of Greece, reliefs of the Olympian games: the two horses that drew the car were of the rarest breed of Parthia; their slender limbs seemed to disdain the ground and court the air, and yet at the slightest touch of the charioteer, who stood behind the young owner of the equipage, they paused motionless, as if suddenly transformed into stone,—lifeless, but lifelike, as one of the breathing wonders of Praxiteles. The owner himself was of that slender and beautiful symmetry from which the sculptors of Athens drew their models; his Grecian origin betrayed itself in his light but clustering locks, and the perfect harmony of his features. He wore no toga, which in the time of the emperors had indeed ceased to be the general distinction of the Ro-

mans, and was especially ridiculed by the pretenders to fashion; but his tunic glowed in the richest hues of the Tyrian dye, and the fibulæ, or buckles, by which it was fastened sparkled with emeralds: around his neck he wore a chain of gold, which in the middle of his breast twisted itself into the form of a serpent's head, from the mouth of which hung pendant a large signet ring of elaborate and most exquisite workmanship; the sleeves of the tunic were loose, and fringed at the hand with gold; and across the waist a girdle wrought in arabesque designs, and of the same material as the fringe, served in lieu of pockets for the receptacle of the handkerchief and the purse, the stylus and the tablets.

"My dear Glaucus!" said Clodius, "I rejoice to see that your losses have so little affected your mien. Why you seem as if you had been inspired by Apollo, and your face shines with happiness like a glory; any one might take you for the winner and me for the loser."

"And what is there in the loss or gain of those dull pieces of metal, that should change our spirits, my Clodius? Per Jove! while, yet young, we can cover our full locks with chaplets—while yet the cithara sounds on unsated ears—while yet the smile of Lydia or of Chloë flashes over our veins in which the blood runs so swiftly, so long shall we find delight in the sunny air, and make bald Time itself but the treasurer of our joys. You sup with me to-night, you know."

"Who ever forgets the invitation of Glaucus!"

"But which way go you now?"

"Why, I thought of visiting the baths, but it wants yet an hour to the usual time."

"Well, I will dismiss my chariot, and go with you. So so, my Phylas," stroking the horse nearest to him, which by a low neigh and with backward ears, playfully acknowledged the courtesy; "a holiday for you to-day. Is he not handsome, Clodius?"

"Worthy of Phæbus," returned the noble parasite,—or of Glaucus."

From this moment, we see only the world of beauty, which yet surrounds the tomb of the buried city—we hear only "dulcet symphonies and voices sweet"—we drink in the sweet southern air, heavy with Sabeian odours—we idle under the broad blue canopy of its cloudless heaven, or float upon that other azure world which lies before us, and surrendering our whole spirit to the will of the magician, we become, as it were, "native and endowed unto the element;" and "whoever visits thee," says Mr. Bulwer, in a fine burst of enthusiasm,—“seems to leave earth and its harsh cares behind—to enter by the Ivory Gate into the Land of Dreams. The young and laughing Hours of the present—the Hours, those children of Saturn, which he hungers ever to devour, seem snatched from his grasp. The past—the future—are forgotten; we enjoy but the breathing time. Flower of the world's garden—Fountain of Delight—Italy of Italy—beautiful benign Campania!—vain were, indeed, the Titans, if, on this spot, they yet struggled for another heaven? Here, if God meant this working-day life for a perpetual holiday, who would

not sigh to dwell for ever—asking nothing, hoping nothing, fearing nothing, while thy skies shone over him—while thy seas sparkled at his feet—while thine air brought him sweet messages from the violet and the orange—and while the heart, resigned to—beating with—but one emotion, could find the lips and the eyes, that flatter it (vanity of vanities!) that love can defy custom, and be eternal?"

Who that has visited thee, "flower of the world's garden," will not recognize the following? Seventeen hundred years have made but little change. The blind beggar on the Mole still recites his wondrous tale, and a few *grani* serve for his reward:—

"Thus conversing, their steps were arrested by a crowd gathered round an open space where three streets met; and just where the porticos of a light and graceful temple threw their shade, there stood a young girl, with a flower-basket on her right arm, and a small three-stringed instrument of music in the left hand, to whose low and soft tones she was modulating a wild and half barbaric air. At every pause in the music, she gracefully waved her flower-basket round, inviting the loiterers to buy; and many a sesterce was showered into the basket, either in compliment to the music, or in compassion to the songstress—for she was blind.

"It is my poor Thessalian," said Glaucus, stopping; "I have not seen her since my return to Pompeii. Hush! her voice is sweet; let us listen."

The Blind Flower-Girl's Song.

Buy my flowers—O buy—I pray,
The Blind Girl comes from afar;
If the Earth be as fair as I hear them say,
These Flowers her children are!
Do they her beauty keep?
They are fresh from her lap, I know;
For I caught them fast asleep
In her arms an hour ago,
With the air which is her breath—
Her soft and delicate breath—
Over them murmuring low!

On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,
And their cheeks with tender tears are wet.
For she weeps,—that gentle mother weeps,—
(As morn and night her watch she keeps,
With a yearning heart and a passionate care)
To see the young things grow so fair;—

She weeps—for love she weeps
And the dew as the tears she weeps,
From the well of a mother's love!
Ye have a world of light,
Where Love in the lov'd rejoices;
But the Blind Girl's home is the House of Night,
And its beings are empty voices.

As one in the realm below,
I stand by the streams of woe;
I hear the vain shadows glide,
I feel their soft breath at my side,
And I thirst the lov'd forms to see.
And I stretch my fond arms around,
And I catch but a shapeless sound,
For the living are ghosts to me.

Come buy—come buy!—
Hark! how the sweet things sigh,
(For they have a voice like ours)
The breath of the Blind Girl closes
The leaves of the saddest roses—
We are tender, we sons of Light,
We shrink from this child of Night;
From the grasp of the Blind Girl free us:
We yearn for the eyes that see us—
We are for Night too gay,
In your eyes we behold the day—
O buy—O buy the flowers!"

"I must have yon bunch of violets, sweet Nydia," said Glaucus, pressing through the crowd, and dropping a handful of small coins

into the basket; 'your voice is more charming than ever.'

"The blind girl started forward as she heard the Athenian's voice—then as suddenly paused, while the blood rushed violently over neck, cheek, and temples.

"So you are returned!" said she in a low voice; and then repeated, half to herself, 'Glaucus is returned!'

"Yes, child, I have not been at Pompeii above a few days. My garden wants your care as before—you will visit it, I trust, to-morrow. And mind, no garlands at my house shall be woven by any hands but those of the pretty Nydia."

"Nydia smiled joyously, but did not answer; and Glaucus, placing the violets he had selected in his breast, turned gaily and carelessly from the crowd."

For the reasons we have given, it is impossible for us, by extracts, to do anything like justice to this work. Every scene is a link in the chain of its interest: we must therefore confine ourselves to such passages as can with least injury be detached, and these are necessarily in the first volume. The heroine is beautifully introduced—the passage is in the dialogue between Clodius and Glaucus, from which we have already quoted:—

"Shall I guess the object? said Clodius—Is it not Diomed's daughter? She adores you, and does not affect to conceal it; and by Hercules! I say again and again, she is both handsome and rich. She will bind the door-posts of her husband with golden fillets.

"No, I do not desire to sell myself. Diomed's daughter is handsome, I grant; and one time, had she not been the grandchild of a freedman, I might have—Yet no—she carries all her beauty on her face; her manners are not maiden-like, and her mind knows no culture save that of pleasure!

"You are ungrateful. Tell me, then, who is the fortunate virgin?

"You shall hear, my Clodius. Several months ago, I was sojourning at Neapolis, a city utterly to my own heart, for it still retains the manners and stamp of its Grecian origin,—and it yet merits the name of Parthenope, from its delicious air, and its beautiful shores. One day I entered the temple of Minerva, to offer up my prayers, not for myself more than for the city on which Pallas smiles no longer. The temple was empty and deserted. The recollections of Athens crowded fast and meltingly upon me: imagining myself still alone in the temple, and absorbed in the earnestness of my devotion, my prayer gushed from my heart to my lips, and I wept as I prayed. I was startled in the midst of my devotions, however, by a deep sigh; I turned suddenly round, and just behind me was a female. She had raised her veil also in prayer; and when our eyes met, methought a celestial ray shot from those dark and shining orbs at once into my soul. Never, my Clodius, have I seen mortal face more exquisitely moulded: a certain melancholy softened and yet elevated its expression; that unutterable something which springs from the soul, and which our sculptors have imparted to the aspect of Psyche, gave her beauty I know not what of divine and noble; tears were rolling down her eyes. I guessed at once that she was also of Athenian lineage; and that in my prayer for Athens her heart had responded to mine. I spoke to her, though with a faltering voice.—'Art thou not, too, Athenian,' said I, 'O beautiful virgin?' At the sound of my voice she blushed, and half drew her veil across her face.—'My forefathers' ashes,' said she, 'repose by the waters of Ilyssus: my birth is of Neapolis; but my heart, as my lineage, is Athenian.'—'Let us, then,' said I, 'make our

offerings together;' and, as the priest now appeared, we stood side by side, while we followed the priest in his ceremonial prayer; together we touched the knees of the goddess—together we laid our olive garlands on the altar. I felt a strange emotion of almost sacred tenderness at this companionship. We, strangers from a far and fallen land, stood together and alone in that temple of our country's deity: was it not natural that my heart should yearn to my countrywoman, for so I might surely call her? I felt as if I had known her for years, and that simple rite seemed, as by a miracle, to operate on the sympathies and ties of time. Silently we left the temple, and I was about to ask her where she dwelt, and if I might be permitted to visit her, when a youth, in whose features there was some kindred resemblance to her own, and who stood upon the steps of the fane, took her by the hand. She turned round and bade me farewell. The crowd separated us; I saw her no more. * * * This is all my history. I do not love; but I remember and regret."

Here is a Roman supper—it may be considered as the entertainment given by a refined gentleman of those times:—

"Well, I must own," said the ædile Pansa, 'that your house, though scarcely larger than a case for one's fibule, is a gem of its kind. How beautifully painted is that parting of Achilles and Briseis!—what a style!—what heads!—what a—hem!' * * *

"At that instant the slaves appeared, bearing a tray covered with the first preparative of the feast. Amidst delicious figs, fresh herbs strewn with snow, anchovies, and eggs, were ranged small cups of diluted wine sparingly mixed with honey. As these were placed on the table, young slaves bore round to each of the five guests (for there were no more) the silver basin of perfumed water and napkins edged with a purple fringe. But the ædile ostentatiously drew forth his own napkin, which was not, indeed, of so fine a linen, but in which the fringe was twice as broad, and wiped his hands with the parade of a man who felt he was calling for admiration.

"A splendid *mappa* that of yours," said Clodius: 'why, the fringe is as broad as a girdle.'

"A trifle, my Clodius, a trifle! They tell me this stripe is the latest fashion at Rome: but Glaucus attends to these things more than I."

"Be propitious, O Bacchus!" said Glaucus, inclining reverentially to a beautiful image of the god placed in the centre of the table, at the corners of which stood the Lares and the salt-holders. The guests followed the prayer, and then, sprinkling the wine on the table, they performed the wonted libation.

"This over, the convivialists reclined themselves on the couches, and the business of the hour commenced.

"May this cup be my last!" said the young Sallust, as the table, cleared of its first stimulants, was now loaded with the substantial part of the entertainment, and the ministering slave poured forth to him a brimming cyathus—'May this cup be my last, but it is the best wine I have drunk at Pompeii!'

"Bring hither the amphora," said Glaucus, 'and read its date and its character.'

"The slave hastened to inform the party that the scroll fastened to the cork betokened its birth from Chios, and its age a ripe fifty years."

"How deliciously the snow has cooled it!" said Pansa; 'it is just enough.'

"It is like the experience of a man who has cooled his pleasures sufficiently to give them a double zest," exclaimed Sallust.

"It is like a woman's No," added Glaucus; 'it cools, but to inflame the more.'

"When is our next wild-beast fight?" said Clodius to Pansa.

"It stands fixed for the ninth ides of August," answered Pansa, 'on the day after the Vulcanalia; we have a most lovely young lion for the occasion.'

"Whom shall we get for him to eat?" asked Clodius. 'Alas! there is a great scarcity of criminals. You must positively find some innocent or other to condemn to the lion, Pansa!'

"Indeed I have thought very seriously about it of late," replied the ædile gravely. 'It was a most infamous law that which forbade us to send our own slaves to the wild beasts. Not to let us do what we like with our own, that's what I call an infringement on property itself.'

"Not so in the good old days of the Republic," sighed Sallust.

"And then this pretended mercy to the slaves is such a disappointment to the poor people. How they do love to see a good tough battle between a man and lion; and all this innocent pleasure they may lose (if the gods don't send us a good criminal soon) from this cursed law.'

"What can be worse policy," said Clodius sentimentally, 'than to interfere with the manly amusements of the people?'

"Well, thank Jupiter and the Fates! we have no Nero at present," said Sallust.

"He was, indeed, a tyrant; he shut up our amphitheatre for ten years."

"I wonder it did not create a rebellion," said Sallust.

"It very nearly did," returned Pansa, with his mouth full of wild boar.

"Here the conversation was interrupted for a moment by a flourish of flutes, and two slaves entered with a single dish.

"Ah! what delicacy hast thou in store for us now, my Glaucus?" cried the young Sallust, with sparkling eyes.

"Sallust was only twenty-four, but he had no pleasure in life like eating—perhaps he had exhausted all the others; yet had he some talent, and an excellent heart—as far as it went.

"I know its face, by Pollux!" cried Pansa; 'it is an Ambracian kid. Ho! (snapping his fingers, an usual signal to the slaves), 'we must prepare a new libation in honour to the new-comer.'

"I had hoped," said Glaucus, in a melancholy tone, 'to have procured you some oysters from Britain; but the winds that were so cruel to Cæsar have forbid us the oysters.'

"Are they in truth so delicious?" asked Lepidus, loosening to a yet more luxurious ease, his ungirdled tunic.

"Why, in truth, I suspect it is the distance that gives the flavour; they want the richness of the Brundisium oyster. But at Rome no supper is complete without them."

"The poor Britons! There is some good in them after all," said Sallust; 'they produce an oyster!'

"I wish they would produce us a gladiator," said the ædile, whose provident mind was still musing over the wants of the amphitheatre.

"By Pallas!" cried Glaucus, as his favourite slave crowned his steaming locks with a new chaplet, 'I love these wild spectacles well enough when beast fights beast; but when a man, one with bones and blood like ours, is coldly put on the arena, and torn limb from limb, the interest is too horrid: I sicken—I gasp for breath—I long to rush and defend him. The yells of the populace seem to me more dire than the voices of the Furies chasing Orestes. I rejoice that there is so little chance of that bloody exhibition for our next show!'

"The ædile shrugged his shoulders; the young Sallust, who was thought the best-natured man in Pompeii, stared in surprise. The graceful Lepidus, who rarely spoke for fear of disturbing his features, cried 'Per Hercle!' The

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parasite Clodius, muttered 'Ædepol,' and the sixth banqueter, who was the umbra of Clodius, and whose duty it was to echo his richer friend, when he could not praise him,—the parasite of a parasite,—muttered also 'Ædepol.'

"Well, you Italians are used to these spectacles: we Greeks are more merciful." * * *

"The second course, consisting of a variety of fruits, pistachio nuts, sweetmeats, tarts, and confectionary tortured into a thousand fantastic and airy shapes, was now placed upon the table, and the ministri, or attendants, also set there the wine (which had hitherto been handed round to the guests) in large jugs of glass, each bearing upon it the schedule of its age and quality.

"Taste this Lesbian, my Pansa," said Sallust; 'it is excellent.'

"It is not very old," said Glaucus, 'but it has been made precocious like ourselves, by being put to the fire:—the wine to the flames of Vulcan—we to those of his wife—to whose honour I pour this cup.'

"It is delicate," said Pansa, 'but there is perhaps the least particle too much of rosin in its flavour.'

"What a beautiful cup!" cried Clodius, taking up one of transparent crystal, the handles of which were wrought with gems, and twisted in the shape of serpents, the favourite fashion at Pompeii.

"This ring," said Glaucus, taking a costly jewel from the first joint of his finger and hanging it on the handle, 'gives it a richer show, and renders it less unworthy of thy acceptance, my Clodius, whom may the Gods give health and fortune long and oft to crown it to the brim!'

"You are too generous, Glaucus," said the gamester, handing the cup to his slave, 'but your love gives it a double value.'

The musicians now struck their instruments to a wild Ionic air, and sung 'The Evening Hymn of the Hours'—here are a couple of verses:—

Flapping and faint are we
With our ceaseless flight,
And dull shall our journey be
Through the Realm of Night.
Bathe us, O bathe our weary wings
In the purple wave as it freshly springs
To your cups from the fount of light—
From the fount of light—from the fount of light;
For there, when the sun has gone down in night,
There in the bowl we find him.
The grape is the well of that summer sun,
Or rather the stream that he gazed upon,
Till he left in truth, like the Thespian youth,
His soul, as he gazed, behind him.'

A cup to Jove, and a cup to Love,
And a cup to the son of Maia,
And honour with three, the band zone-free,
The band of the bright Aglaid.

But since every bud in the wreath of pleasure
Ye owe to the sister Hours,
No stinted cups, in a formal measure,
The Bromian law makes ours.
He honours us most who gives us most,
And boasts with a Bacchanal's honest boast,
He never will count the treasure.

Fauly we fleet, then seize our wings,
And plunge us deep in the sparkling springs:
And aye, as we rise with a dripping plume,
We'll scatter the spray round the garland's bloom.

We glow—we glow.
Behold, as the girls of the Eastern wave
Rose once with a shout to their crystal cave
The prize of the Mysian Hylas,
Even so—even so.

We have caught the young god in our warm embrace,
We hurry him on in our laughing race;
We hurry him on with a whoop and song,
The cloudy rivers of Night along—
Ho, ho!—we have caught thee, Psilas!

Here is an account of a somewhat more ostentatious festival, though less minutely described:—

"The reader understands that the festive board was composed of three tables; one at the centre, and one at each wing. It was only at the outer side of these tables that the guests reclined; the inner space was left untenanted for the greater convenience of the waiters or ministri. * * * The seats were veneered with tortoiseshell, and covered with quilts stuffed with feathers, and ornamented with the costly embroideries of Babylon. The modern ornaments of epergne or plateau, were supplied by images of the gods, wrought in bronze, ivory, and silver. The sacred saltcellar and the familiar Lares were not forgotten. Over the table and the seats, a rich canopy was suspended from the ceiling. At each corner of the table were lofty candelabras, for though it was early noon, the room was darkened. While from tripods placed in different parts of the room distilled the odour of myrrh and frankincense; and upon the abacus, or sideboard, large vases and various ornaments of silver were ranged, much with the same ostentation (but with more than the same taste) that we find displayed at a modern feast.

"The custom of grace was invariably supplied by that of libations to the gods; and Vesta, as queen of the household gods, usually received first that graceful homage.

"This ceremony being performed, the slaves showered flowers upon the couches and the floor, and crowned each guest with rosy garlands, intricately woven with ribands, tied by the rind of the linden tree, and each intermingled with the ivy and the amethyst, supposed preventives against the effect of wine: the wreaths of the women only were exempted from these leaves, for it was not the fashion for them to drink wine—in public."

We must now take almost as chance directs.

"The morning sun shone over the small and odorous garden enclosed within the peristyle of the house of the Athenian. He lay, reclined, sad and listlessly, on the smooth grass which intersected the viridarium; and a slight canopy stretched above broke the fierce rays of the summer sun.

"When that fairy mansion was first disinterred from the earth, they found in the garden the shell of a tortoise that had been its inmate. That animal so strange a link in the creation, to whom nature seems to have denied all the pleasures of life, save life's passive and dream-like perception, had been the guest of the place for years before Glaucus purchased it; for years, indeed, which went beyond the memory of man, and to which tradition assigned an almost incredible date. The house had been built and rebuilt—its possessors had changed and fluctuated—generations had flourished and decayed—and still the tortoise dragged on its slow and unsympathizing existence. In the earthquake, which sixteen years before had overthrown many of the public buildings of the city, and scared away the amazed inhabitants, the house now inhabited by Glaucus had been terribly shattered. The possessors deserted it for many days; on their return, they cleared away the ruins which encumbered the viridarium, and found still the tortoise, unharmed and unconscious of the surrounding destruction. It seemed to bear a charmed life in its languid blood and imperceptible motions; yet was it not so inactive as it seemed; it held a regular and monotonous course: inch by inch it traversed the little orbit of its domains, taking months to accomplish the whole gyration. It was a restless voyager that tortoise!—patiently and with pain did it perform its self-appointed journeys, evincing no interest in the things around it—a philosopher concentrated in itself. There was something grand in its solitary

selfishness!—the sun in which it basked—the waters poured daily over it—the air, which it insensibly inhaled, were its sole and unfeeling luxuries. The mild changes of the season, in that lovely clime, affected it not. It covered itself with its shell—as the saint in his piety—as the sage in his wisdom—as the lover in his hope.

"It was impervious to the shocks and mutations of time;—it was an emblem of time itself: slow—regular—perpetual: unwitting of the passions that fret themselves around;—of the wear and tear of mortality. The poor tortoise!—nothing less than the bursting of volcanoes, the convulsions of the riven world, could have quenched its sluggish spark! The inexorable Death, that spared not pomp or beauty, passed unheeding by a thing to which death could bring no insignificant a change.

"For this animal, the mercurial and vivid Greek felt all the wonder and affection of contrast. He could spend hours in surveying its creeping progress, in moralizing over its mechanism. He despised it in joy,—he envied it in sorrow."

Here are some beautiful fragments. It is the sweet blind girl of whom he is speaking:

"The shock that crushed her heart with the tidings that Glaucus loved, had at first only saddened and benumbed;—by degrees, jealousy took a wilder and fiercer shape; it partook of hatred—it whispered revenge. As you see the wind only agitate the green leaf upon the bough, while the leaf which has lain withered and seared on the ground, bruised and trampled upon, till the sap and life are gone, is suddenly whirled aloft—now here—now there—without stay—and without rest; so the love which visits the happy and the hopeful, hath but freshness on its wings; its violence is but sportive. But the heart that hath fallen from the green things of life, that is without hope, that hath no summer in its fibres, is torn and whirled by the same wind that but caresses its brethren;—it hath no bough to cling to—it is dashed from path to path—till the winds fall, and it is crushed into the mire for ever."

Love and Esteem.—"There is no tongue that flatters like a lover's; and yet in the exaggeration of his feelings flattery seems to him commonplace. Strange and prodigal exuberance, which soon exhausts itself by overflowing! They tell us, that the esteem which follows passion, is happier than passion itself:—it may be true—the springs of fancy—of hope—of ambition—all urged into one channel, return to their natural streams. Love is a revolution—there is no harmony—no order—there is, therefore, no settled happiness while it lasts; but when the revolution is over—we are astonished at our past frenzy: we may love still—we may be beloved—but we are in love no more! For my part, I think, there are some kinds of imperfect happiness, which are better than the perfect. Take away desire from the heart, and you take the air from the earth."

The principal persons of the story we have no more ventured to touch than the principal incidents—we could not develop their characters in our limited space. We may, however, observe, that there is infinite variety among them. We least like the dark Egyptian, and the Witch of Vesuvius. We fear that we have outlived the poetry of our nature, and can hardly yield that necessary faith which such subjects require—but the self-devoted Nazarine is finely drawn, and so is the struggling neophyte, Epicides; Nydia, the blind girl, is also beautifully conceived; even the common herd, including Sallust, "the best of profligates," act well their several parts, and all the gentlemen of "the

classic ring," with old Burbo and Stratonice, are admirable portraits from the life.

We can compare this poem (considering prose fiction, as the Germans do, as poetry) only to a fine piece of music—it seems indeed to have been written to a spiritual measure, not the less felt because not made apparent by rhyme. It opens

To the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders—

it is then all life, luxury, and enjoyment—but soon passion is awakened, and guilt and misery follow; the plot now hurries on—the elements seem to sympathize—the clouds gather round the mountain—the flood of desolation and destruction overwhelms the devoted city, and—"the diapason closing all"—a whole people have perished.

The closing scene is sublime:—the incident of the lion escaped from the arena, and yet crouching and tamed by the warring elements, is itself a history of that awful night.

But the reader must judge for himself—we shall not pretend to have done the work justice.

At what a moment too has it appeared! Accounts have been received within these few days of another eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which has spread misery far and wide. On the 27th, 28th, and 29th ult., according to the foreign papers, new craters opened, and produced ravages awful to contemplate. Thousands of families were seen flying from their native land, old and young, dragging through heavy masses of heated cinders. Fifteen hundred houses, palaces, and other buildings, and 2500 acres of cultivated land have been destroyed by the fire. The eruption, which had been previously expected from the drying up of the fountains, is said to surpass everything which history has transmitted to us. The first explosion destroyed the great cone situated on the top of the mountain. The abundance of inflamed matter produced flashes which darted through the mountain's flanks. A new crater burst open at the top of the great cone, and inundated the plain with torrents of lava. The King and the Ministers hastened to the seat of the catastrophe, to console the unfortunate victims. The village of St. Felix, where they first took repose, had already been abandoned. The lava soon poured down upon this place, and in the course of an hour, houses, churches, and palaces, were all destroyed. Four villages, some detached houses, country villas, groves, and gardens, which a few instants before presented a magnificent spectacle, now resembled a sea of fire. The palace of the Prince of Attayano and 500 acres of his land are utterly destroyed. The cinders fell during an entire night over Naples, and if the lava had taken that direction, there would have been an end to that city. The little village, San Giovanni, consisting of about eighty houses, has ceased to exist. In Caposecco and Torcino, one hundred houses were destroyed by the consuming lava. The lava extended itself as far as six miles within three hours. Six torrents of lava at one time threatened the villages of Torre dell' Annunziata, Bosco Trecase, and Bosco Reale. It is at such a moment that the 'Last Days of Pompeii' is first published!

Roman Life. By Frederica Brun, born Münster—[*Römisches Leben.* Von Friederike Brun, geborene Münster.] 2 vols. 8vo. Leipzig: Brockhaus; Black & Co. London.

THIS is a book something in the style of the 'Rome in the 19th Century'; the German authoress (by birth a German, by education, marriage, and domicile, a Dane,) being, however, as was to be expected, rather more imaginative, and less thoroughly learned than her British rival. *Frau Brun's* volumes consist, rather too much for our taste, of descriptions of the ruined splendours of the ancient, and the existing splendours of the modern eternal city, now too familiar to man, woman, and child, to bear repetition; but amidst these antiquarian and virtü researches, we find some sketches of life and manners, which, if somewhat less magnificent, may prove likewise somewhat less commonplace: and of these we proceed to translate a few of the most interesting. The following vividly portrays the misery endured by the Roman peasantry in 1802, (the date of that one of her residences in Rome, here principally described,) soon after Bonaparte, as first consul, had reinstated the Pope in his temporal dominions.

We found a family, which, from being subfarmers, had, through the general calamity, gradually sunk into the class, here so utterly miserable, of day labourers. Even now, whilst work is to be had in the vineyards and the fields, they hunger; and during the approaching winter, when day labour will cease, and bread, already growing dear, must needs rise to double its actual price, their fate is, alas, not hard to foresee! In this abode of slowly wasting penury, we found no bed, not even straw; no cooking utensils encircled the cold hearth, no furniture was to be seen. "But how do you cook, my good friends?" The answer, accompanied by a bitter smile, was, "We never cook." "What then do you eat?" The man took down from a shelf a stale dry loaf, such as with us would cost about four shillings, (the Danish shilling, we presume, which is an English halfpenny,) and said, "I divide this amongst us for the day; whilst the vintage lasts, I have leave to eat grapes with it."—"But afterwards?"—"Aye, afterwards,—when day labour is over we must starve."

We now espied in a corner of the hut, a person sick of a fever, (and this fever, like another malady indigenous to this country, is called *febre di fame*, hunger fever,) who was helplessly pining upon a hard bench. The women, who had been at work in the vineyard, now came home, driven in by the rain. To season their scanty morsel of bread, they brought wild scurvy, the roots of which they eat with it. They thus feed upon many wild plants; meat they never see, never milk or eggs; for poultry there are none to be seen, nor yet cows, in a wide range of land. In the town of Albano, (the writer's temporary autumn residence,) there are two cows; and this whilst the richest grass is rotting in millions of tons upon the ground, and poisoning the air with its noxious effluvia. When the wretched inhabitants hear that there are countries in which the landowners take care of the peasantry, they lift up their hands in astonishment. Our Albanese Facchino, the donkey-driver, who is not more than five and twenty years old, but looks like a worn out man of fifty, because, since the French and the insurgents plundered him two years ago, he has annually suffered from the hunger fever. One day he said to me, "Oh, that I were a dog, to run after the *Madamina*; for surely in your

country the dogs are better off than the men in ours." * * *

A melancholy consequence for the moral condition of the people of the French invasion, which overflowed the land like a wild torrent, leaving behind only traces of desolation, is, that with an audacious spirit they tore the veil off many a soothing illusion, whilst their irreligion could not set up instead, a truth of which they had no knowledge. * * * This sudden influx of true and false notions confusedly blended, has brought into circulation amongst the inferior classes many ideas formerly unknown to them. But as yet, it is faith only that is weakened, leaving superstition unpaired.

In speaking of the pomp of the church ceremonies of Christmas, our authoress exhibits the decline of the passion for such spectacles amongst the higher classes of Romans; but the bigotry of the uneducated portion seems to be vigorous as ever; and is illustrated, not unhappily, together with their imaginative, graphic and plastic powers, in the account of a handicraftsman performance.

A shoemaker in one of the poorest quarters of Rome, had fitted up, for the benefit of the devout, a *presepio*, (the name given to the manger-cradle of the infant Saviour, as understood by the people, and here including the representation of the whole idyll of the nativity,) which delighted us greater children as much as you.

Reinhardt (a German artist, resident at Rome,) led us up four flights of stairs, to the garret of a mean house, under the roof of which, however, dwelt genius. We look out through a roof window, skillfully turned into a grotto, and see ourselves in an elevated, but softly hollowed meadow, surrounded by mountain summits, upon which rests the sky. We were really transported out of ourselves, and the great landscape painter Reinhardt, delighted in an enchantment that he shared. In this quiet valley, adorned with single clumps of trees, in a cave which serves for a stable, appears the Holy Family, Virgin, Child, Joseph, and the faithful animals. On the slope of the meadow, herds are feeding; all is still, solitary, but grand, in the style of an Alpine landscape; and our astonishment was speechless. We were then led out to the roof, and what do we see? Earth, grass, a few turfs, branches of trees, and puppets a foot high. All the means so petty and so simple, that great indeed must be the genius of the inventor of a *presepio* of this kind, who, without any knowledge of the law of optics, or of perspective, can produce such effects.

We are told, that the wealth in *virtù*, (in paintings, if not in marbles,) of some of the noble Roman families, was originally such, that treasures sufficient to form ordinary galleries, were stowed away, for lack of space, in cellars and lumber-rooms; from this durance vile the invaders released them. It must be recollected, that though Madame Brun publishes her account in 1833, the scenes she describes occurred in 1802-3, prior to the forced restitution of French plunder.

The sales occasioned by distress, and even the plunderings themselves, have produced one good effect, to wit, that the possessors of Roman museums have occasionally, but only occasionally, opened their cellar-magazines and their *virtù* lumber-rooms, where innumerable treasures of art still unworthily moulder. Thus here (in the Colonna Palace,) a divine Claude Lorrain came forth, which, although it has as-

* Her then ten year old daughter, to whom, now a married woman, this chapter is addressed.

surely suffered much from want of air and light, and consequent damp, yet belongs to the loveliest creations of this Raphael of landscape painting.

Frau Brun, during her various residences in Rome, lived upon terms of delightful intimacy with the artists, native and foreign, domiciliated in that metropolis of the fine arts; and her intercourse with them affords some of the most interesting passages in her book. Of Canova she tells us—

Canova is one of the most amiable and estimable of men. Upon our first introduction, we felt strongly attracted by him, and this instinct-like feeling has been confirmed by a closer knowledge of his character, of his conduct as a man. He is small of stature, his features are expressive, and acquired additional interest from his deep-set brown eye of fire. He is all nature, without false pretensions; extremely urbane in society, conversible and frank. Never is he more captivating than when, in the gaiety and fulness of his heart, he breaks out into his native Venetian dialect. Rememberest thou, Ida, what sweet words he then found, how affectionately, how child-like sportively, he chatted in that most pleasing of Italian *patois*?

As a lover leads a friend to the portrait of the idol of his youth, so did he lead us into his house, where he preserves the pictures he had painted twelve years before, on the occasion of a visit to his birth-place, Bassano. But I must tell you their origin in his own words: "I had nothing to do, and a beautiful model; but I knew not how to paint. Often had I wished to try, but the lords of the art, of whom I asked advice how to begin, spoke darkly, as of the mystery of the Holy Trinity; I got out of patience,—bought canvas, colours, palettes, and painted what you see. But I knew not how to lay on my ground-work, so that you may see the threads of the canvas through, if you look close." Now, these pictures, thus carelessly painted, rank, in respect to colouring, amongst what modern art can boast of truest and most attractive. In his pencil, Titian's truth might perhaps have blended with Correggio's grace, had not the plastic impulse prevailed.

And thus was a painter gifted by nature, converted into a too often painting sculptor. * * *

Canova was just returned from Paris, whither he had gone only upon the third peremptory summons of the First Consul, having little inclination to preserve to posterity the image of the plunderer of Italy's treasures of art.

The noble man told me, that he had at length conquered his reluctance; first, because he thought it highly interesting to make a bust of this extraordinary being, and upon that opportunity to study his physiognomy accurately; and secondly, in the hope when thus often alone with him, to be able to slip in a word that might have some effect in protecting the still menaced Italian world of art.—"And did you?"—"My heart ran away with me, and I risked more. I once said to him, 'That never before had a man been in a situation wherein he could, like him, diffuse happiness amongst his fellow men.' The First Consul replied gravely, and not without emotion, 'Aussi je le désire sincèrement' (And sincerely do I desire it)." * * *

The bust exists in plaster of Paris models, modelled from the life. This image is a miracle, swelling with life, breathing mind; so soft, so warm does it appear in the cold plaster of Paris that stands between the model and the marble, like death between life and the resurrection. Bonaparte I never saw; but one feels that such he must be. The form of the head is beautiful and correct, the oval of the countenance proportionate, only the cheek bones project somewhat too markedly. The eye looks out from its majestic setting, dark even to gloom. The

features are generally regular, the nose delicately curved, the chin finely arched, the mouth extraordinarily well formed, except that the lips are hard closed. It must be called a handsome head; the look only, and those slight traces about the mouth, reveal the character to the physiognomist. I asked Canova if he had ever felt at his ease near Bonaparte?—He said "No, mi mettevano paura questi occhi di pesce morto" (No, those eyes of a dead fish frightened me); for he described Napoleon's look as not only dark and gloomy, but as extinguished, until, inflamed by some passionate feeling, it blazed up. * * *

At Paris, he had seen casts of the Athenian marbles, Lord Elgin's splendid booty. He esteemed Phidias' *bus reliefs* in the metopes and friezes of the Parthenon, above everything. He said there was only one ornament of antiquity at Rome, in this grand style, namely, the finest Colossus on Monte Cavallo.

Of Canova's great northern rival, Thorwaldsen, in the years 1802, 3, then but little known, she relates an anecdote happily illustrative of the simplicity of the Danish artist's character:

Our Thorwaldsen's Jason, his first statue, and the youngest of antiques, was now out of the mould, it already existed in marble, bespoken by the rich Dutchman, or as others assure me, Scotchman, Hope, (Thomas Hope, of Duchess Street,) and its immortality in the realm of invisible existence accordingly assured. Our joy thereto was so great and general, that I resolved to give it vent in a fête, such as is easily given at Rome, where laurel, olive, and myrtle, are always green to crown every kind of merit, where the golden fruit of immortality blossoming ripens, where the vernal hours shed blossoms upon us from their flowery *cornucopia*. The artists of our society were present, as were also the dear Humboldts, and that amiable lover of the arts and sciences, the hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg, brother to the exalted Louisa, Queen of Prussia. Thou, my Ida, wast the presiding grace of the fête. At that childish age, already didst thou deeply feel what was unfolding in Thorwaldsen, and impressed with a strong sense of the high consecration of the future, didst thou, in pantomimic dance, present him his first wreath. Never shall I forget the expression with which the noble young man received the pledge, the first which, in the name of the splendid future now opening before me, thy lovely childish innocence offered him.

So well didst thou perform thy office, as to place upon his head, whilst lightly sweeping past him in thy dance, that wreath which his modesty would never have accepted. His joy was mingled with a sweet timidity. "O!" exclaimed he in deep emotion, "*den tynger poa min isse*" (Danish—Anglice, Oh! it weighs upon my brow). It was a holy festival. This star, so brilliantly rising from profound obscurity, was greeted with general, with admiring love, and the society collected from various nations, was blended into union by the purest joy. It was pretty late before the party broke up, and we were all buried in the deepest sleep, when our faithful Marie heard an eager knocking at the door of our lonely habitation. It was Thorwaldsen. He had forgotten his wreath, and, with delicious, child-like impatience, had sprung from his bed and climbed the Pincian hill to recover it.

The authoress adds in a note—

During our cheerful intercourse at Copenhagen, in the year 1819-20, we talked over our Roman life, and I reminded him of this half-forgotten anecdote; when he exclaimed with animation, "Yes, but then that was the most

beautiful wreath. Nothing since has ever so much delighted me!"

We subjoin, as relative to Thorwaldsen, a fragment of a letter from Baroness Humboldt to Frau Brun, written in 1818, and with that we shall conclude:—

Thorwaldsen has completed his Mercury,* the flower of all his works, the most beautiful of all his statues, which must not, however, be boldly opposed and compared to every antique. A Mercury, as Mercury, beautiful as the Antinous and Meleager. This image of a god must be seen, not described! He is further at work upon a *bas relief* for the Crown Prince of Bavaria. The Prince desired a frieze 200 feet long, representing the history of the Christian religion. Thorwaldsen has finished one portion as a specimen, to wit, the three Marys, as they come to the sepulchre and find the angel sitting therein, magnificently beautiful!—the angel inspired, pointing upwards, the women inwardly and deeply moved.

A Journey in India, &c. By Victor Jacquemont. 2 vols. 8vo.

[Second Notice.]

In the progress of his extraordinary route, Jacquemont pushed his researches into the Celestial Empire:—

"My little army, for it was truly an act of hostility I was committing against his Tea-ifying Majesty of Pekin, exceeded sixty men; six of whom, reckoning myself, were fighters. By rare good luck, I found Chinese vigilance at fault on the frontiers; and the unexpected arrival of my caravan, in close column, surprised the people of Behar so much that they fled on my approach instead of offering any opposition. I encamped peaceably in a chosen spot, and next day received in my little tent the visit of a Chinese officer, who commands a turret of sandstone, fortified with two leather guns, at no great distance. He came to complain. I transformed him into the accused; put a multitude of questions to him without allowing him to speak, except in answer to them; then dismissed him and his staff with a nod, after I had sifted him to the bottom. I designedly put on a threatening look, and commanded my people to do the same, in order that such demonstration might suffice. The Beharites had no idea of a double-barrelled gun, still less of a percussion one.

"The effect of two balls which I shot, one after the other, into a tree at hand, a moment or two before giving audience to the Chinese officer, and in the presence of several of his followers, made a wonderful impression on the subjects of the celestial empire. I gave them a little tobacco, which made them love me as much as they had before feared me. A whimsical incident immensely increased their respect for the French lord. I was exhausted with fatigue, and was, nevertheless, going to continue my march: I therefore drank the stirrup-cup, filling my spoon with brandy, in order to put a bit of sugar in it. The sugar remaining solid, I set fire to the brandy, and when it was melted, after blowing on my spoon, I swallowed this dose of punch. The Beharites, who are no artillerymen, thought that I was drinking fire, and almost took me for the devil. It was on that day that I encamped so high as sixteen thousand feet. I was still on the Chinese territory, where I wished next day to determine the direction of some strata."

In a letter to M. Victor de Tracy, he gives the following account of the Indian and Tibetan Himalaya:—

"The Indian Himalaya has something in it

* This master-piece is in the collection of Sir Alexander Baring.

like Europe. It is covered with forests, whose trees have a family resemblance to those of the Alpine forests: they consist of pines, firs, cedars, sycamores and oaks differently associated with each other, according to the height of the mountain. Above the limit of the forests, there is green pasturage intermixed with dwarf shrubs, willows, and junipers, and this zone extends to that of the eternal snow. But towards Tibet, the whole region is so elevated that the bottom of the valleys exceeds the level at which the forest stops, on the southern declivity of the chain. The vegetation, reduced to some creeping, thorny, stunted shrubs, and scanty dried grass, forms here and there blackish spots on the margin of the torrents; the sides of the mountain are covered with nothing but what the rushing waters wash down; and the immense horizon offers a uniform scene of sterility and desolation, terminating on all sides by the snowy summits of the mountains.

"Such is the strange peculiarity of the climate, that these Tibetan chains, if their height does not exceed twenty thousand feet, are entirely stripped of snow towards the middle of summer. I have several times encamped higher than the summit of Mont-Blanc, and to the north of the 32° of latitude; and as it was always the vicinity of a stream that decided my halts, almost every day brought me an opportunity of examining, at leisure, the rare traces of their singular vegetation. At the same elevation in the southern chain of the Himalaya, I should have been surrounded by scenes of snow.

"Though my attention was principally directed to the study of the phenomena of nature, and the observation of its productions, I did not neglect that of our species, oddly modified, as might be expected, from such peculiar circumstances of soil and climate. One of the most singular traits in Tartar and Tibetan manners, is polyandry. However numerous a family of brothers may be, they have only one wife in common; and it is with absolute confidence in the correctness of the information which I collected, that I consider the feeling of jealousy to be entirely unknown to this strange people, for it never disturbs the peace of these populous households. I could scarcely make myself understood when I inquired, whether the preference of the wife for one of her husbands did not sometimes cause quarrels among the brothers. This is certainly a most ignoble compensation for polygamy, which prevails throughout the rest of the East."

To his father he describes his feelings on descending from these gigantic mountains to the plains of Hindoostan:—

"I cannot tell you, my dear father, with what feeling of melancholy I found myself once more on the sandy and desolate plains of Hindoostan. They are covered in some places with tall, yellow, withered grass; elsewhere with a poor, thorny, whitish shrub, which gives the same sad and wild aspect to the whole of India and Persia. You often pass near the ruins of a village, consisting of a mound of clay, interspersed with fragments of earthenware, and tombs scattered around. Sometimes you will pass, twice in a single day, through a considerable city, whose buildings and mosques are still standing, and which, though perhaps erected less than a century ago, no longer contains a single inhabitant. I reached Sharunpore by forced marches, in order to abridge this tedious part of my journey."

At Delhi, when about to visit Runjeet Sing, (see *Athenæum*, p. 32.) he increased his baggage "by a chair and a carpet," expecting, as he states, visits from people of sufficient rank "to sit in his company, and not to walk on the ground bare-footed;" and he added to his escort—

"A sort of lackey or herald, called *chopprassy*,

because he wears, like our old uncle, † a broad red belt from the right shoulder to the left side, and a large plate of copper, with a Persian inscription, signifying 'M. V. Jacquemont, a very mighty lord.' My name is engraved in Roman characters, which is the most imposing of all, as nobody can read it. This man superintends and directs the pitching of my tents, and the grazing of my camels; on the road he follows me, carrying my gun, and immediately seizes any person I may point out to him, even though it should be the magistrate of a village, of whom I want any thing."

The simple habits and manners of Lord William Bentinck, the Governor General, induced Jacquemont to compare him to a Pennsylvanian Quaker. We must confess, that this simplicity is not very evident to us Europeans, in his travelling establishment:—

"Lord W. Bentinck, and Lord Dalhousie, the commander-in-chief, are, at present, the one at Murat, the other at Kurnal, on their way to Semla. The baggage of the former is carried by a hundred and three elephants, thirteen hundred camels, and eight hundred waggons drawn by bullocks. Two regiments, one of cavalry and the other infantry, serve as his escort; yet, I am going to Lahore with only one waggon and a couple of camels."

On entering the Punjab, Jacquemont was received by a military escort, but left more at liberty than he had anticipated, and was thus enabled to make his journey on an elephant, and alone; "this solitude however," he observes, "is comparative; for I was not without half-a-dozen servants on foot, and as many horsemen: but in the East, such is the grandeur of *Self*, that it easily absorbs a dozen men and horses." Again, speaking of his journey, he says—

"In India, it is the custom in speaking of one's-self to say *we*,—a form of no great modesty; but since I have passed the Sutledge, I speak of myself only in the third person, as follows: the *sahib* (that is, the lord) is not tired—the lord is charmed at seeing your lordship—express the lord's respects to the king—the lord invites your lordship to mount the lord's elephant, &c. There are more *lords* in a quarter of an hour in my Sikh conversation, than in all Racine's tragedies."

It would seem to be vastly pleasant and profitable travelling in the territories of Runjeet Sing. "Every morning," Jacquemont observes, "the Fakhr Shah-el-Din, came to inquire after my health, and present me with a bag of money—

"But, you will say, what is there in the bags that you are collecting?—a hundred and one rupees, or about two hundred and fifty francs. If Runjeet-Sing thinks himself obliged to treat his friends in this fashion, I can easily understand why he is reluctant to receive visits. I ask myself, where this attention on his part will end? At Lahore, perhaps; but certainly not before. Now as there are six days' journey from hence to Lahore, I shall collect, before I arrive there, six hundred and six rupees, to add to the three hundred and three which I have deigned to pocket since the day before yesterday. Till now I had always detested the slowness of travelling in India, but Runjeet-Sing has arguments which would reconcile me to the speed of a tortoise."

In truth, had it not been for the liberality of Runjeet-Sing, Jacquemont would have been sadly perplexed in money matters, for his allowance from the *Jardin des Plantes*

† M. Noizet de St.-Paul, major-general of engineers, knight commander of St. Louis.

was wholly insufficient, even with his prudence, to cover the necessary expenses. Subsequently, when writing from Cashmere, he gives the following faithful and pleasant history of his travelling suite:—

"There were three hundred rupees in my box when I left Loodheana: and now I have five thousand. I boast of this as I should of playing a game at chess well and winning it, on account of the difficulty overcome. There was a great, an immense one, I assure you, in my not being nailed, as it were, to the shores of India, where the vessel in which I came landed me. I sometimes reflect with real pleasure, on the wisdom and prudence of my commencement. I began modestly with having only one servant; then two; then a palanquin; then six other valets, and a horse. I set out from Calcutta with a single bad tent: no chair nor table;—and by degrees I have increased my household up to forty servants, (without mentioning my thirty rowers,) three tents, two horses, and all the rest in proportion. And yet there is as much prudence in my actual establishment, and the same proportion between what I have and what I ought to have, as there was in my wretched outfit between Calcutta and Benares. When I return to India, whether I enter it by Loodheana or descend the mountains from Semla, what a difference between the reception which awaits me there and the profound solitude of my situation at the commencement of my journey! There is now on the other side of the Sutledge an enormous mass of kindness, which even in my absence exhibits itself in a thousand ingenious ways. This flatters me much, I will confess; for, being neither a duke nor a *millionnaire*, and falling as it were from the clouds among the people who at present show this extreme consideration and truly friendly kindness towards me, I owe it all to myself—I am the real architect of my fortunes; I do not allude to the five thousand rupees in my strong box, but to the honourable reputation I enjoy with every one."

Again—

"I remember certain advice kindly given to me by people who had seen a little corner of the East. Nothing was easier, according to them, than to cross the whole of Asia with heavy baggage: they talk of caravans of merchants, &c.; it is all pure romance. Merchants, it is true, go almost everywhere: from Cashmere to Teheran, and even to Mashed, they go through Lahore, Delhi, Bombay, Bushire, Shiraz, &c. &c., without passing through Cabulistan, and for a very good reason. The petty eastern princes use discretion in robbing them, because they will see them again: and if some of the profits of their trading are left them, they are to the chiefs through whose territories they pass, like the miser's goose that laid golden eggs: few are fools enough to kill it. But he who passes without intending to return, is stripped to his last rag; and European travellers of course can claim no exclusive privileges. They have but two alternatives: to travel as beggars, like M. Alexander Csomó de Koros, in the national costume of the country they are crossing, or else to surround themselves with a respectable substantial force, or get credit for having what they cannot in reality procure. Thus, I started on horseback from Calcutta in the evening of the 20th of November 1829, without the slightest immediate protection; at Hoogly, two stages from thence, I acquired a sort of janissary, whose place was supplied at Bardwan by a corporal and four men; I was quite a snow-ball till I arrived on the banks of the Sutledge with a serjeant and twelve men, where I found fifty in readiness to receive me; and although, since that time, I have always had nearly the same number, it was too little sometimes, and would

have been so everywhere were it not for the long arms of the powers whose friend I am believed to be."

His reception at Lahore is thus described :

"Having crossed a wild country, covered, like the environs of Delhi, with the ruins of Mogul grandeur, we alighted at the entrance of a delicious oasis, consisting of a large parterre of carnations, irises, and roses, with walks of orange trees and jasmine, bordered with basins, in which a multitude of little fountains were playing. In the centre of this beautiful garden was a little palace, furnished with extreme luxury and elegance. This is my abode. Breakfast served up on plate awaited us in the hall. . . .

"In the evening, my mehmendar, who had informed the king of my arrival, came to bring me his majesty's congratulations and presents; the latter consisted of exquisite grapes from Kabul, delicious pomegranates from the same country, a collection of the choicest fruits, and, lastly, a purse of five hundred rupees. A splendid dinner was served up to me by torch-light, by a host of servants richly dressed in silk. I had courage to take as usual only bread, milk, and fruit. I ought to be grateful to this regimen, for permitting me to come to Umbrisir on horseback, without the least inconvenience."

Having heretofore given Jacquemont's account of Runjeet-Sing, (p. 32) we shall now add a sketch of one of the great lords of the Punjab, the Rajah Gul-ab Sing, who had been commanded to receive and escort him on his road :—

"The *Rose-water Lion* (for such is the signification of Gul-ab Sing) is a soldier of fortune, a sort of usurper. I am persuaded that the legitimate Rajah of Jummo Kangia, and other mountain principalities, which Runjeet has transferred to Gulab Sing, would please me less. The latter is a lion in war, but by no means a *rose-water petit maître*; he is a man of forty, very handsome, and with the plainest, mildest, and most elegant manners. He took me this morning to see some salt mines, situated, at a distance of three leagues, in the mountains. We set out at break of day: the temperature was delightful. As I had barometers with me, I regulated our pace according to my horse's slowest rate, and did not excuse Gulab Sing a single new plant. Every stone which appeared at all suspicious was also examined; and my Punjabi eloquence was such, on botany and geology, that my companion, delighted with knowing the Sanscrit-feringee name of so many plants, (their Latin names it was that I was telling him,) set to work herboring along with me, and I owe him more than one plant which escaped me. A European must be a very absurd person who cannot attach an Oriental by his conversation, unless he has to do with a stupid one. Europe, in the most common details of its civilization, is a mine of wonder to these people. They will listen to you all day with pleasure, if you are disposed to exhibit those treasures without rounded periods or a figurative style. Two arm-chairs went on before us; and when we passed near a tree, or I had bundles of plants to tie up, the Rajah and I sat down; and if we halted ever so short a time, Gulab Sing made a couple of secretaries dismount, who, seating themselves behind us, wrote down hastily what I said. Thus am I taken down in short-hand, like Cousin's metaphysics! but I am more positive. What these people love more than anything is the political statistics of Europe, of which they have no idea: the population, strength of armies, taxes, product of each branch of public revenue, the axioms of our civil and criminal law, and, lastly, the great results of the application of sciences to manufactures. I have no need to employ any quackery to do justice to

the character which the Governor-general directed should be given of me to Runjeet Sing's envoy at Delhi. I have only to state the commonest truths.

"When we arrived at the mines, Gulab Sing appeared very uneasy, and began to tell me long stories about the catastrophes which sometimes bury the miners by the falling in of the mine,—about the heat, bad smell, dirtiness, winding paths, &c.,—reserving for the *bouquet*, that no gentleman had ever descended into such a common sewer. However, he asked me what my pleasure was. 'To leave you here and go down alone,' I replied.—'But if the stones should fall in upon you, and I not be with you, what could I say to the king?' exclaimed the good man. It appears that he is answerable for me with his head, all the time I am intrusted to his care."

But notwithstanding the protecting influences of Runjeet-Sing and his friend the *Rose-water Lion*, difficulties increased with the distance from the seat of their power :—

"For the last five days I have been continually in a deuce of a temper, or rather in a positive fury. It is since my entrance into the mountains. I was to have found a number of mules and carriers there, which the king had ordered for me long since; but the power of a sovereign in Asia decreases at least as the cube of the distance from the place where he may be. Hence at Soukshainpore, my last halt in the plains on the banks of the Jelum, the people said they cared very little for the king's orders, and received only those of his eldest son, their dauphin. The Thanadar (mayor or commandant) took refuge in his mud fort, with a few wretches armed with matchlocks, and threatened to fire at my caravan, if I persisted in demanding that to which I was entitled. . . .

"At Mirpore, where I ought to have found the mules and carriers, nothing was ready. I wanted forty of the latter; they were to come every day; and after waiting three days, not one came. . . . Yesterday morning, seeing a score and a half of carriers, I had them loaded with the most indispensable part of my baggage, and leaving my two officers in the rear, to get out of the business as they might, and see to the forwarding of the remainder, I started forward. I arrived before all my people, near the banks of a river where I meant to encamp; and I found nothing to receive me but a burning sun. The poor devils arrived at last, one after the other, a quarter of an hour between each; and at four o'clock in the afternoon I breakfasted. I had entered the estates of Gulab Sing. Wonders of all sorts were promised me. The chiefs of a neighbouring fort came to make their salaam. According to them, it rained mules and carriers in their mountains. However, nothing fell in the night, but the oxide of hydrogen in immeasurable quantities; and my yesterday's collection of carriers, far from increasing by the rain, melted in it like salt. This morning, when I asked if fresh ones had arrived, I was told that those of yesterday had decamped. I ordered my twenty mountaineer soldiers, ten only of whom had arrived the evening before, to set out in search of them; but if the carriers were not made of salt, the soldiers were made of sugar: not a vestige of them remained after the rain. The remainder of my caravan, dragged on with asses taken by force, were dreadfully fatigued. I took my spy-glass, and swept the horizon in search of some village whither to wend our way, or rather to make a treaty, for it was porters that I wanted; but not the slightest trace of smoke could I discern, except on the other side of the torrent, which the storm of the night had rendered impassable. However, a score of my Cashmerians were at last unearthed: they had hid themselves in the high grass; and leaving my fat mehmendar behind

me to play Prometheus, and create men in the desert, in order to provide for the transport of half of my baggage, which was lying on the bank of the torrent like the remains of shipwreck, I pushed forward, followed by a small column, carrying with me what was most necessary. . . .

"To fill up the measure this morning,—and mark I know not what may have happened to my rear-guard, which is perhaps where it was yesterday, waiting, like the emigrants at the camp of Villejuif, in March 1815, for men to advance,—well, to fill up the measure, I was obliged to prove my insolubility in water, in order to arrive entire in my person; for I was caught in a couple of deluges on the way. The tickets on a bag full of minerals were reduced to a sop, and I shall have to find out their former order. This is the devil,—then, two of my horsemen's horses fell down a precipice, whence they were got out very lame; mine has lost his shoes. This is not to be borne. Water for drinking is nothing but mud; a kind of chocolate, very disagreeable even to an Indian traveller, who, after two years' running about like me, ought not to be very nice as to his potations. Adieu, my dear friend; I am going to take a little walk near my tent, and to give myself the satisfaction of swearing like a roll of drums. . . . Heavens! how rank the butter was in my omelette! such a smack of stinking cheese! how hot the sun is shining between the two acts of the deluge, under a thin cloth, where the air is stifling! D—n! . . . For a diversion, I will add, in Indian, a *blanne tchoute*! which is an oath compared to which all ours are but very little boys. Adieu!"

Jacquemont's adventure with the mountain robber, Neal Sing, we gave heretofore (see No. 321); but after this and various other adventures, he arrived at Cashmere; here is the account of his reception :—

"The governor, being informed of my approach, sent his boat and officers to receive me, two leagues from the city, and conduct me to the garden prepared for my residence. It is planted with lilacs and rose-trees, not yet in flower, and immense planes. On one of the angles stands a little pavilion, looking over the lake: I am settled in it. My attendants are at hand, in my tents, pitched under the large trees. They are building barracks in haste for my cavalry and horses.

"If the governor of Cashmere had been a great lord, I should not have hesitated to pay him the first visit. But he is a man of low extraction, who only holds the office temporarily; and I refused to pay him this deference. For a *parvenu* he was very tractable. It was agreed, at once, that our interview should take place the next day, at Shalibag, the Trianon of the ancient Mogul emperors. It is a little palace, now abandoned, but still charming by its situation and magnificent groves. It is two leagues from my house, on the other side of the lake. The governor sent his barge, with a numerous guard, which made quite a flotilla, and I went to Shalibag on board my flag ship. The governor had ordered a fête to receive me. The fountains were playing in the gardens, which were crowded; the Seikh troops, in their magnificent and picturesque costume, occupied every avenue. Dancing and music only waited for my presence to commence. The governor rubbed his long beard on my left shoulder, whilst I rubbed mine on his right. We sat close to each other on chairs; the vice-regal court sat round us, on the carpet; and, after exchanging the commonplace compliments, the fête commenced.

"This insipid interlude of songs and dancing, which the Orientals can witness with pleasure from morning till night, is called *nautch*. It is graceful nowhere but at Delhi. The Cashmerian beauties had nothing in their eyes to

compensate for the monotony of their dancing and singing. They were browner, that is to say blacker, than the chorusses and corps de ballet of Lahore, Umbrisa, Loodheana, and Delhi. I remained as long as I was pleased with looking at the fantastic architecture of the palace, the variety and splendour of the groups of warlike figures crowding around, the colossal size of the trees, the greensward, the waterfalls, and in the distance the blueish mountains, and their white summits. After half an hour's stay, I took leave of the viceroi, and returned home in the same order in which I had set out."

Of this Trianon of the East he gives us some further particulars, in a delightful gossiping letter to his cousin Mlle. Zoé Noizet de Saint-Paul:—

"Lalla Rookh, whose Persian name you will never be able to pronounce unless you choke yourself on purpose with a fish-bone, in order to utter the Persian *kh* properly, forms a part of my library; but I am tired of it. A page of this style would probably perhaps please; but thirty (and all his tales are longer) make one sick. So the finest music pleases for two hours and a half, but fatigues and annoys if prolonged beyond; so one of Lamartine's harmonious reveries may charm in an hour of idleness, but it is impossible to read in succession ten or twelve of his best poems; and so Chateaubriand amuses by his picturesque style, as far as the second column of a newspaper: but he is tiresome even in a pamphlet, and intolerable in a romance. However, without knowing much of the matter, you intended, when you learnt English, to read Lalla Rookh. Know, then, that it was in the very gardens and palace in which she was received by the king of Bucharia, that my first interview with the governor of Cashmere took place."

We learn from his account of Cashmere, that this Eastern paradise has been much over-rated:—

"In a month, I shall eat cherries out of my own garden, then apricots, peaches, and almonds, then apples, pears, and lastly, grapes. I walk every evening under a superb vine arbour, the vines of which, though still young, are two feet in circumference: I never saw anything like it. I am also promised delicious melons, and even water-melons. This latter promise is the threat of a very warm summer; but it resembles ours in the south of France. The productions are the same. We have now the same weather as at Paris, but finer, and less inconstant."

"I saw at Sharunpore a hundred Cashmerian plants, brought into India by native merchants. Half of them grow in the Himalaya, also to the east of the Sutledge; and, having determined the mean altitude at which each grows, I made a conjecture, of remarkable accuracy, on the absolute elevation of Cashmere. I supposed it to be five or six thousand English feet. Now, some barometrical observations, made since my arrival, which I have yet been able to calculate only approximately, by the comparison of the meridian means for the month of May, at Calcutta, Bombay, and Sharunpore, give me an elevation of five thousand three hundred and fifty feet. * * *

"This country is a land of beggars, scoundrels, and bandits; but I am prudent. Nothing is so common as for them to kill a man in order to rob him of an old pair of breeches, worth twenty or four and twenty sous, half a rupee. The whole population are armed with swords, in the use of which they are said to be very dexterous; and the figures met on the roads, all carry a long matchlock on their shoulder—not very formidable, in my opinion."

"It is possible I may see M. Allard again in the mountains. The mother of a brood of

little mountain rajahs has just died, leaving nine lacs of rupees (two million two hundred and fifty thousand francs). Her children are fighting about the inheritance; and Runjeet has just sent M. Allard to the spot to remove all cause of quarrel—that is, the nine lacs."

Again he observes—

"Know that I have never seen anywhere such hideous witches as in Cashmere. The female race is remarkably ugly. I speak of women of the common ranks,—those one sees in the streets and fields,—since those of a more elevated station pass all their lives shut up, and are never seen. It is true that all little girls who promise to turn out pretty, are sold at eight years of age, and carried off into the Punjab and India. Their parents sell them at from twenty to three hundred francs—most commonly fifty or sixty. * * *

"There can be no doubt that the population of Cashmere, originally Buddhist, like that of the Punjab, and afterwards Brahmin, like it,—that is to say Hindoo,—have had, for a long period, chiefs of their own religious faith, and under their sway enjoyed absolute political independence—the defence of which nature had rendered very easy, by means of the enormous mountains with which she has on every side surrounded the country. Of this long period, only some vague recollections survive among those who are now called the literati, and here and there a few ruins. In their massive structure, and the style of their ornaments, they possess a Hindoo character. There are still some traces of ancient works of public utility, which date from the same epoch. Mohaimedanism has done nothing but destroy. The emperors of Delhi have built nothing but kiosks and cascades. The Mogul government was the masterpiece of absolute monarchy: all the revenues of the state went to the civil list, which never either erected bridges or dug canals, but raised palaces, tombs, and mosques for itself. The Afghans, last century, having deprived the Moguls of that conquest, and the Sikhs having driven the Afghans from it, a general plunder followed each new conquest; and the intervals of peace, anarchy, and oppression, doing their best against labour and industry, the country is now so completely ruined that the poor Cashmerians seem to be in despair, and are become the most indolent of men. If one must starve, it is better to do it at one's ease, than bent under the weight of labour. In Cashmere, there is scarcely more chance of getting a supper for him who tills, spins, or rows all day, than for him who, being rendered desperate, sleeps all day under the shade of a palm-tree. A few thousand stupid and brutal Sikhs, with swords at their sides, or pistols in their belts, drive this ingenious and numerous, but timid people, like a flock of sheep."

Our lady readers may be curious to know how tea is made in Cashmere:—

"Tea comes to Cashmere by caravans across Chinese Tartary and Tibet. I know not why the caravan tea has any reputation with us; this is absolutely destitute of fragrance, and is prepared for drinking, with milk, butter, salt, and an alkaline salt of a bitter taste. All this produces a turbid, reddish liquid of extraordinary flavour, execrable according to some, and decidedly agreeable according to others: I am of the latter opinion. In Kanawer it is made in another way: after the tea has been boiled for an hour or two, the water is thrown away, and the leaves are dressed with rancid butter, flour, and minced goats' flesh. This makes a detestable ragout; they call it tea."

We must have yet another ransacking of these delightful volumes.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

TO THE EVENING STAR.

ONCE more, thou radiant Star,
Hail to those fires that nightly burn,
Heaven-kindled, in thy sacred urn,
Sending their light afar!

When Twilight walks the earth,
And bids the virgins of the sky
Lift their celestial lamps on high,
And call the dew-drops forth,

Thou com'st, thou lovely one—
The fondly sought of many eyes,
That watch and wait for thee to rise,
Like Ghebers for the sun.

Love claims thee as his own;
And well thy "tender light" accords
With the half-sighed, half-whispered words,
Sacred to Love alone:

His stolen interview
He may not trust to babbling day;
But when did thy mild beam betray
The tender and the true?

And thou art Toil's delight:
When day deserts the fading west,
He hails the harbinger of rest,
And home-restoring night.

Yet these inconstant be;
Love leaves thee for the yellow torch,
And casts aside at Hymen's porch
His last fond thought of thee;

Toil, for the rush-light's blaze:—
When turned he from his cottage fire,
Through the closed casement to admire
The splendour of thy rays?

Not thus pale silent Grief;
From cheerful hearth and torch-light gay,
She glides to welcome thy first ray,
And finds thy stay too brief;

Loathing the "garish" sun,
It soothes her, while the happy sleep,
Through thy lone reign to watch and weep
O'er joys for ever done.

Shine on, kind Star of Even!
Light Love to joy, and Toil to rest;
And oh! in the lone mourner's breast
Enkindle thoughts of heaven!

Geneva, U.S.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

A Society has been lately established at Paris, under the title of "Institut Historique," which is likely, we think, to have important consequences. The Society is provisionally divided into six sections:—1. Natural History. 2. History of social and philosophic sciences. 3. History of the languages and literature of different nations. 4. History of physical and mathematical sciences. 5. History of the Fine Arts. 6. History of France. The members are also divided into classes:—1. The titular or working members, who reside at Paris, regularly attend the meetings of the Society, and perform its active duties. 2. Free associates, who also reside at Paris, but who do not regularly attend the meetings, although they transmit such information as they may obtain. 3. Corresponding members, who reside in the provinces, or in foreign countries. This Society has been founded by some of the most distinguished men in France, among whom we may mention M. Michaud, the Academician, Count Alexander Laborde, Dr. Broussais, H. Cramot, the Duke of Choiseul, M. Alexandre Duval, Member of the Academy, M. Elie de Beaumont, M. Geoffroy de St-Hilaire, Professor Lacretelle, Academician, M. Lamar-tine, Academician, M. Lemercier, Academician;

and, we believe, the Society already includes several hundred members, some of whom stand in the highest rank of literature and science.

New Societies have also been lately established in England; among them, the Agricultural and Industrial Society, with twenty-one members of parliament for a committee of management. The object, so far as we can understand it, is to persuade the people that there is nothing like a paper currency, and that the reciprocity system is bad. We need hardly add, that subscriptions are received at the bank of Mr. Attwood. A Political Diffusion Society has also been added as a sort of branch establishment to the old Diffusion Society—the committee is of course headed by the Lord Chancellor, and we add, with bitter regret, that not another man of his rank could be found, who would march through Coventry with such a ragged regiment as his followers. The first society is likely to be harmless enough—of the second, we shall have more to say hereafter.

We learn from Germany, that Dr. Kiel, an eminent naturalist, is about to proceed on a scientific voyage to Africa. It is his intention first to visit the northern coast, Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, and thence penetrate into the interior. From the reputation of Dr. Kiel, important results to science are anticipated. The Doctor intended to set off from Senegal, but abandoned the idea on learning that hostilities had broken out in that colony.

We have to announce the sudden death of M. Arnauld, Secretary of the Académie Française, and author of 'Marius,' and 'Germanicus,' works of high reputation, though written when a very young man. He was in the sixty-eighth year of his age.—We learn, too, from the morning papers, that the veteran Spagnoletti, died on Tuesday, from an attack of apoplexy.

Rossini is, we hear, engaged on a new opera, for the Paris Theatre, in which Lablache, Tamburini, Rubini, and Mlle. Grisi, are to appear.

Our reports of the Proceedings of the British Association have been so full, that it has thrown us a little in arrear with some of our promised continuations. We hope next week to clear off all.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.*

An Attempt to connect some of the most commonly known Phenomena in Meteorology with well-established Physical Principles.

BY PROFESSOR STEVELLY, OF BELFAST.

AFTER bespeaking the indulgence of his audience, the Professor said he should direct their attention to the four following points, which must be admitted to be very generally interesting. First, The nature and origin of clouds, and the consequences, which, by the laws of physics, are immediately consecutive upon their formation. Secondly, How rain is originated, and the immediate consequences of its production. Thirdly, The origin of wind, in the forms of the breeze, the gale, the storm, up to the sweeping tornado. As to the nature of clouds, he maintained that they were assemblages of spherules of water, in opposition to the common hypothesis, that they are vesicles, or, as it were, bladders of watery films, containing within them moist air, having a tendency to buoy them up. The principal argument on which he relied for establishing his position was, that no physical law had ever been proved to exist, that would account for the production of vesicular constituents of clouds; but the well-established laws of capillary attraction would account for the production of minute spherules of water, at pretty regular distances in any portion of space, which have become so overloaded with vapour of water—which, indeed, is nothing else than

steam—as to be incapable of retaining it longer; it is to be remarked that the intermediate parts are then left hygroscopically drier than before. As to the difficulty, how then are the clouds suspended in the air, if they are truly water, for every one knows that the specific gravity of that element is greater than the specific gravity of air? the answer was simple, the minute size of the cloudy spherules would alone be sufficient practically to suspend them, as even gold or platina may be so subdivided, as to descend with less than any assigned velocity, however small, through the resisting air, for the weight of a sphere diminishes as the cube of its radius is diminished; but the resistance it would meet with at any assigned velocity, would only diminish as the square of the same radius; also as clouds are known to be highly electrical, each spherule must have its own electrical atmosphere, which by repelling the dry air all round, (as pith balls repel each other,) in effect increases the size of the drop, without adding anything to its weight. The effects of the formation of cloud, were then traced: the first was, that by the loss of the elastic form or tension of the water, a void space was left within the cloud: this tended to keep together the parts of the cloud, and produced other effects of much importance, and which were both necessary results of known laws, and were also observed facts. Thus, the comparatively moist surrounding air, rushing in to fill the void, and consequently expanding, is no longer able to retain its vapour in the invisible state; and thus MORE CLOUD IS FORMED. A third effect is, that the fall of temperature consequent upon the expansion of the gases, is often more than sufficient to counterbalance the evolution of latent heat by the cloudy parts, when they pass from the state of vapour to that of water. When this happens, MORE CLOUD will be separated from the damp air as it flows in; but it is obvious these changes have a tendency to cease after a limited time, as each step is an approach towards the establishment of an atmospheric equilibrium. Clouds formed in these two last ways, the Professor denominated SECONDARY CLOUDS; as the original might be called PRIMARY. A fourth effect of the formation of cloud, was shown to be such a disturbance of the atmospheric equilibrium, as to produce winds of various intensities, according to circumstances; and various observed facts were subsequently shown to be the consequences of this theory. A fifth effect was stated to be, an augmentation, often to a great extent, of the electrical tension of the cloudy parts, and this was simply explained on the common electrical principles, particularly the one, that an electrified body, if diminished in bulk, had its electrical tension increased. He then showed how, on the principle of electrical induction, oppositely electrified clouds resulted from the near approach of two clouds to one another; but principally from the approach of masses of clouds to hills or mountains, to which they seemed to attach themselves, while their outer parts frequently sent off oppositely electrified seed or cumulus.

This brought the explanation to the second point, the FORMATION OF RAIN, which was shown to result from clouds charged with opposite electricities coming together: each spherule of one running to a spherule or more of the other, they suddenly coalesce, by capillary attraction form a larger sphere, and, as the case may be, either descend lower in the atmosphere as heavier cloud, or if the spheres formed become as large as drops, they descend as rain, with a velocity proportioned to their size and the height at which they had been formed. On the principle of electrical induction, he showed that this would be frequently repeated at short intervals during the progress of a thunder storm, or squall, or heavy fall of rain, and thus accounted for the dying away and renewal of rain at short intervals, as well as the repetition of peals of thunder.

From the preceding theory of the formation of clouds, particularly of secondary clouds, he then showed, that hills and mountains caused the country around to be subject to rain, particularly when the sea or any other large collection of water was near, and the general lower current of the wind either suddenly directed from the sea to the hill, or even when blowing gently off the hill. This was, he said, a fact, the knowledge of which was as old as the time of Moses, who thus addresses the children of Israel, in language well suited to the inspired philosopher, and which no modern philosopher could amend: "For the land whither thou goest in to possess, it is not as the land of Egypt from whence ye came out, where thou sowest thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs;" i. e. by breaking down with the foot the small banks of earth placed across the little channels which led from the reservoirs, into which the waters of the Nile at its overflow had been collected. "But the land whither ye go in to possess, it is a land of hills and of valleys, and drinketh of the rain of Heaven." The Professor remarked justly, that it was delightful to find this advanced state of knowledge amongst the people of God, at a time when gross darkness was probably coming upon the other inhabitants of the earth; and he cited Job 38, 24th verse, as also 25th and 26th verses, as giving other examples of the knowledge possessed at that time on these subjects. This latter, indeed, he did not think proved anything for the philosophy of those days, for if the address of Jehovah from the whirlwind to Job, be not allegorical, but real, it is no wonder that the Supreme possessed this knowledge, and spoke of it, to show Job his weakness and ignorance; and even although his allusion could not at that time have been fully understood, it is now useful to us, upon whom the ends of the world have come. The Professor then traced the immediate, and, on admitted scientific principles, necessary consequences of a fall of rain. First, a driving of the wind out before the rain, all round the part of the earth over which the clouds that gave the rain were, thus causing wind of greater or less intensity according to circumstances, which he traced under the third general head.† Secondly, the rain leaves a void space above, into which the air rushes, causing rapid formation of secondary cloud, and many other circumstances, which in fact are observed. Thirdly, the air as it expands into the void aloft, abstracts so much caloric, as to cause a considerable fall of temperature among the clouds above. This most important truth, Professor Stevelly stated, was most strangely overlooked by all the writers on meteorological subjects, whom he had met with. Here the Professor took occasion to show how well observed facts harmonized with this theory: or rather, how the theory, in attestation of its correctness, was in each instance a correct general statement of facts. The instances he selected, were lightning, thunder, and rain, in summer and hot moist countries, and over and near the sea. Thunder clouds appearing to come up against the wind; the suffocating sultriness before a thunder storm, the violent squall generally consequent upon its commencement, and the cool breezes after it; all these he showed, were simple consequences of the theory.

The third general point was, the PRODUCTION OF WIND. After stating that, at present, he need not stop to trace the effect of the sun, volcanic fires, or other sources of external heat, in dis-

* This point of the theory, Professor Stevelly said he had read before the Natural History Society of Belfast, some years since, and thought he was original in it, until Mr. John Lecky, of Cork, drew his attention to a very curious book of Essays by a Major Eels, printed nearly one hundred years since, in which this consequence of a fall of rain was noticed briefly. The Professor also stated, that a lecturer of the name of Smith, who visited Belfast the winter before last, was in possession of this principle.

* We now give the Abstract of Papers promised in our Report.

turbing the atmospheric equilibrium, he drew the attention of the section to the efficacy of the formation of clouds, particularly of secondary clouds, in the production of wind; and also the manner in which a fall of rain gave rise to all the various forms of wind, from the breeze to the tornado; these views, he stated, would explain the rapid changing of the wind during squalls, &c. when followed out fully, by applying the doctrine of the composition of motion to the air previously driven along in a general current, and then agitated by a force driving it out on all sides from under falling rain; taken in connexion with the circumstance of the void left above, into which the air rushes from all parts, from whence it will follow, most of that from below is furnished from places behind the falling rain, as that part of the air is comparatively more still than the parts before or on each side of the rain. For it is obvious, that in the front, the air is driven forward both by its own motion in the general current, as also by the force of the falling rain; but at the hinder part, the force of the rain to drive out the air is exerted in an exactly opposite direction to the general current, and it therefore depends upon the circumstance of their relative intensity, which of them shall prevail. Poets and other accurate observers of nature, as sailors, when they were able to describe vividly and correctly what they saw and knew, were found to give descriptions exactly agreeing with this theory; Dampier, Cook, and other voyagers, who were recorders of their own original observations, as well as Cooper in his novel of 'The Water Witch,' afforded excellent illustrations of this remark.

The last point treated of, was the FORMATION OF HAIL, which the Professor showed must be formed when after the violent fall of some rain, a sudden and extensive vacuum being caused, the quantity of caloric abstracted was so large as to cause the rest of the drops to freeze into ice-balls as they formed. This principle, he said, had been strangely overlooked, although since the days of Sir John Leslie, every person was familiar with experiments on a small scale illustrative of it. He also said, that the interesting mine of Chennitz, in Hungary, afforded an experimental illustration of the formation of hail, on a magnificent scale. In that mine, the drainage water is raised by an engine, in which common air is violently compressed in a large cast iron vessel. While the air is in a state of high compression, a workman desires the visiting stranger to hold his hat before a cock which he turns; the compressed air as it rushes out over the surface of the water within, brings out some with it, which is frozen into ice bolts by the cold generated by the air as it expands; these shoot through the hat to the no small annoyance of one party, but to the infinite amusement and delight of the other.

Observations on the Salmonidæ which were met with during an Excursion to the North-west of Sutherlandshire, in June 1834.

BY SIR WILLIAM JARDINE.

ON account of the deterioration of the salmon fisheries in Sutherlandshire, the Duke of Sutherland took them entirely under his own power and protection two years since. The close time was regulated according to the season of running in the different rivers, the fish strictly preserved, and in several rivers the gillse were all permitted to run. This year (the second of the improved management) the produce was in many streams doubled. Experiments were instituted to ascertain whether the gillse returned to the river the same year in which it was spawned; and the fact that they did so was satisfactorily established. The general weight of those that first returned was from three to four pounds.

Of the Migratory Salmonidæ, that of next importance to the salmon, is what in all the North

Highlands is called the Sea Trout, distinguished by the Roxmen as the larger and smaller kinds: the first entering the rivers about the commencement of June, the second about the middle of July. They occurred in great abundance in all the bays and estuaries previous to entering the river, and took the artificial fly readily in the open sea. The first or largest fish was thought to be *S. Trutta*: 300 are sometimes taken at a sweep of the common salmon draught net, from the weight of one pound to about three. The second or smaller fish is identical with the herling of the Solway Firth, and is the *S. Albus* of Fleming's Brit. Zool. It occurs in numbers, in proportion to the first, of about ten to one.

The Non-migratory Salmonidæ.—The north-west of Sutherland is studded with an immense multitude of lochs, in which trout are almost the peculiar fish. They differ from each other so much in the various districts, as to warrant the suspicion that more than one species is included under the common name of *Trout*. This variation was constant in particular districts; and four very marked varieties were exhibited, differing chiefly in the general form, proportion of the fins, form of the scales and of the intestines. By many ichthyologists, the different appearances of trout are all referred to *S. Fario*, with a most extensive range of variation; but the subject appears yet to require investigation. Many of the trout in these lochs are of very fine quality.

In most of the larger lochs, particularly in the district of Assyut, the Great Lake Trout, *S. Ferox*, was found. This fish is noticed by several of the British writers upon fish, but only as a variety of the common trout. It is distinct, and with good characters. It reaches a weight of twenty-five pounds. It inhabits only the larger Scottish lochs—Loch Awe, Shur, Loyal, Assyut, &c. In the latter, fourteen specimens were procured. The food is almost exclusively fish; the flesh very coarse, of a yellowish white colour.

The Char, *S. Alpinus*, is found in most of the lochs; but from the difficulty of tempting with any bait few were procured. They are only seen and taken in numbers when approaching the mouths of the small rivulets to spawn, and at that time deteriorating in condition. They appear in best condition in June and July: they feed on aquatic insects, but seem active only during the night.

The Parr, *S. Salminus*, Penn., was found in many rivers sparingly, nowhere abundant, and apparently decreased towards the north.

No other Salmonidæ were found during the excursion; but after the remarks upon those above mentioned, specimens of the Gillerod Trout from Ireland were exhibited. The food found in the stomach was exclusively different species of fresh-water shells. The stomach was not, however, more muscular than that of the common trout.

Specimens of the Whiting and Bull Trout of the Tweed.—These are the young and adult states of the same fish, [the *S. Hamatus*, Cuv.? synonymous also with the *S. Eriox* of some authors.] This is very abundant in the Tweed; but at the period of spawning runs up almost exclusively to the tributaries. It reaches a large size. The Whiting, or young, are excellent when in season—the old fish are coarse and pale coloured.

Specimens of the Lochmaben Vendace, [*Coregonus Maranula*?]—The lochs in the neighbourhood of Lochmaben are the only known habitat in Scotland for this fish; and I am not sure that there is any authentic station for it in England or Wales. The stomachs were entirely filled with minute Entomostraceæ, which certainly in this fish constitute, at times, the greater part of their nourishment. It may be remarked here, that the salmon is often taken on the Sutherland shores, at the haddock lines, baited with sand eels, and in the Dumess Firth with lines set on purpose with the same bait;—therefore disprov-

ing Dr. Knox's theory, that their only food is the sea is Entomostraceæ and the ova of star fish.

Note.—All the specimens were shown to Mons. Agassiz. The common trout he considered as only varieties. *Salmo Ferox*, an addition to the Salmonidæ of Europe, was new to him, differing, he considered, from his *S. Lemanus*, or Great Trout, from the Lake of Geneva. The Whiting and Bull Trout of the Tweed were also new to him, differing from any of the fish he was acquainted with in the continental rivers. The Parr, *S. Salminus* of Penn., he considered as the young of *S. Ferox*. From this opinion Sir Wm. Jardine differed, believing it to be a distinct species. The Vendace of Lochmaben Lochs he also considered distinct from the *Coregonus Maranula* of the continental ichthyologists.

We shall add to this paper an abstract of Mr. Selby's remarks on the birds observed in Sutherlandshire in June last. Among the numerous lochs of the district, he said, the waterfowl are prominent and picturesque objects. The more remarkable, as seeking a northern latitude for their breeding places, were the common Bean Goose (*Anser segetum*), found breeding in many of the lochs, but most abundantly on Loch Loyal, where about fifty pairs breed annually. They nestle on the small islands among the long heath and fern. By the 1st of June all the young were out.—The Wild-geon was found in many of the lochs in Scotland, pairs breeding in similar situations.—The Red-breasted Merganser was by far the most numerous of the Anatidæ, breeding in numbers by the edges and upon the islands of all the lochs.—The Common Gooseander was seen only once.—The Black-throated Diver was common, a pair frequenting almost every loch, breeding on the small islands.—Only a single pair of Red-throated Divers was seen. In the Orkneys this is the most common bird, the other rare.—A few pairs of Green Shouls (*Toxanus glottis*) were found breeding about the upland marshy pools.—One specimen of *Tetrao nipetrus* was shot on Ben More. This, until very lately, has been overlooked in the British Fauna. Lord Stanley, he believed, possesses a specimen from some part of Perthshire; this is the second instance of its being found in Scotland.

Additions to our Account of the Proceedings of the Sections.

Geology and Geography.—Mr. George Rennie communicated observations on the principle of construction, and the practical employment of an instrument for taking up water at great depths. It was tried by Mr. Rennie at the Estuary of the Tamar, near Plymouth, and completely succeeded; but no deposit was found in the water during the whole spring season.

Lord Greenock, before he read his paper on the Coal Formation of Scotland, communicated, in the name of the Highland Society, the desire of that body to give assistance to geological investigations, and announced that, from information lately received from the Treasury, it was now certain that the Geological Map of Scotland will speedily be published.—Professor Sedgwick spoke of the services rendered to knowledge of the Geology of the north of Scotland, by the late Mr. Macculloch, Jun., and expressed the hope that the results of his investigations would be employed and acknowledged in the Government Map.

A notice, by Mr. Trevelyan, on fossil wood from Faroe, was read, and drawings exhibited.

Dr. Hibbert read an account of the ossiferous beds in the basins of the Forth, the Clyde, and the Tay, and their relations to other strata; and exhibited an extensive series of illustrations, maps, sections, and specimens.

• The Scopp Duck (*Fulgula morilla*) was found breeding in Eribol Bay.

Remarks were made by Dr. Buckland and Professor Sedgwick; and, at the request of the President, M. Agassiz made some observations on the distinctions between the fossil fishes of the formation anterior to the Lias, and those of more recent origin. He also gave a general account of his views in regard to the fossil fishes exhibited by Dr. Hibbert, and expressed his belief that many of them belong to genera not hitherto described. Some numbers of the extensive work of M. Agassiz, now in progress, were exhibited, and particularly recommended to the attention of the Section by the President and Dr. Buckland.

Mr. Hermer, in reference to Mr. Bryce's paper, respecting the caverns near the Giant's Causeway, read a communication from Mr. Thomas Andrews, of Trinity College, Dublin, who had recently discovered some extensive caves in the island of Rathlin, situated four miles from the Antrim coast, with a sea of thirty fathoms between. From the situation of the caves in Rathlin, it is evident that the sea must have once entered them at a much higher elevation than its present level.

Professor Phillips communicated the results of his investigations on the relations of joints and veins. He described the general system of divisional structure in rocks, the forms and directions of the lesser and greater joints, the parallelism of certain leading fissures on large tracts of country, the constancy of their direction, the manner in which they are filled with sparry and metallic substances and other matters. He thence drew some general conclusions as to the period of the production and fitting of these joints and fissures, as to their analogy with mineral veins and rock dykes, and noticed the general dependence in the North of England, of the direction of the great leading fissures and mineral veins upon the lines of subterranean disturbance.

Mr. Murchison gave an abstract of Professor Rogers's report on the Geology of North America, and read abstracts from this valuable and elaborate memoir.

Mr. Lyell expressed the high opinion he entertained of the labours and theoretical views of Professor Rogers. As it appears that a very small number of the tertiary fossils of North America agree specifically with those of Europe, Mr. Lyell agrees with the author, that the only approximation that can at present be attempted, towards ascertaining the relative age of the tertiary groups of the two continents, is that derived from a comparison of the relative proportion of recent to extinct shells. At the same time Mr. Lyell fully concurs with Mr. Rogers, in the opinion, that such a correspondence ought not to be insisted upon as affording any positive test of exact contemporaneous deposition, since the rate of change in species cannot be assumed to have been always equal, especially in remote regions, during equal periods of time.

Captain Maconochie, Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society, gave an account of the origin and progress of that association. He then communicated some details relative to the late expedition to the Niger, and to the expeditions which have been recently, or are to be, sent out to the interior of Africa, and to British Guiana.

Mr. Murchison, in the paper referred to in our former report, presented a tabular view of the order of succession of various formations of great thickness, distinct from each other in their organic remains and mineralogical characters, which rise from beneath the old red sandstone of England and Wales. He then dwelt on the great series of fishes occurring throughout the old red sandstone of England, and pointed out Dr. Lloyd, of Lindlow, as the person who had

first called his attention to them. These fishes, it now appears, are common to the central portion of the old red sandstone of England, and the strata occupying the same geological position in Forfarshire, and other counties in Scotland. Mr. Murchison further expressed his opinion, that the Arbroath pavement is the equivalent of the tile stones, or lower member of the old red sandstone of England.

Mr. Blackadder exhibited a fossil fish from Glamis Millstone Quarry, which is situated in the old red sandstone.

M. Agassiz refers this fish to the family of the "Ganvides," and to his genus *Cephalaspis*, which is characterized by the immense "cuirasse" that envelopes, or rather forms its head. This fish is quite new to the scientific world, and has been now found entire for the first time.

Dr. Hibbert pointed out the resemblance which the Kirkton fossil has to a fossil crustaceous animal, lately figured by Dr. Harlan, of Philadelphia.

Dr. Knight, of Aberdeen, read a notice on the flints found in various parts of Aberdeenshire, and more especially in the vicinity of Peterhead.

M. Agassiz made some further remarks on the fossil organic remains of Burdie House, and stated his belief, that some of the fossils considered as saurian animals, are in reality saurid fishes.

Mr. Saull exhibited drawings of the incisors and canine teeth of the fossil Hippopotamus, from a gravel pit near Huntingdon.

Mr. Hall's model of a part of Derbyshire was exhibited.

The Secretary exhibited an impression of a fossil plant, supposed to be new, from Ayrshire, and sent by Dr. Thompson, of Glasgow.

Dr. Buckland laid before the section a drawing by Mrs. Turner, of Liverpool, of a large fossil fucus, found in the new red sandstone of that neighbourhood, in 1829.

Natural History.—Papers read:—On the Insects obtained in an excursion in Sutherlandshire; and on a collection of Insects recently received from Java; by Mr. James Wilson.—On the change of colour in a certain species of Elder, by Mr. Drake.—On the progress made in researches in the secretions from the roots of vegetables, by Dr. Daubeny.—On the head of *Delphinus* deductor; on the laryngeal sac of the Rein Deer; and on a new species of Thrush from Nepal; by Dr. Traill.—On the structure and physiology of some species of Reptiles from North America, by Dr. Allan Thomson.—Information regarding the progress towards the publication of the Posthumous Works of Cuvier, by —Pentland, Esq.—On the Transformations of the Crustacea, by J. O. Westwood, Esq.—On the natural history of the central portion of the Great Transition Range of the south of Scotland, in which arise the sources of the Tweed, by W. McGillivray, A.M.—On some peculiar secretions and elaborations viewed in connexion with the ascent of the sap, by Mr. John Murray.—On a new species of Pecten, by Capt. Brown.

Medical Section.—We stated in our last, that the papers read at this Section were strictly professional; but our medical friends having expressed an anxiety for some further particulars, we are happy to add them.

The most important part of Sir C. Bell's lecture was his announcement of two discoveries by his assistant, Mr. Newport, of the spinal marrow of the lobster, and a medullary tract of spinal marrow in the *Sphinx Ligustra*, from which nerves were distinctly traced extending to the respiratory organs of that animal. These new facts analogically confirm what has been usually regarded as the most dubious part of Sir C. Bell's views of the nervous system. The only other novelty in his lectures was a recommendation of some improvements in the mode of

examining the brain; he strongly advised anatomists to use brains that had been preserved for several months in spirits, declaring, that in them the course of the fibres could be traced more distinctly than in others.

A preparation of the injected blood-vessels of the porpoise was submitted by Dr. Sharpey. The peculiarity of structure consisted in the prodigious number of flexures formed by the arteries and veins, which are manifestly intended as receptacula for the circulating fluid while the animal is diving. The venous sinus in the seal, for the same purpose, has been long known to naturalists.

Dr. Macdonnell read a very curious paper, showing that the variations of the pulse produced by posture are independent of muscular action; the acceleration always following the angle of inclination of the body, whether the patient be asleep or awake.

Mr. Syme exhibited some patients whose elbow-joints had been excised, an operation which, in many instances, will save the amputation of the arm.

Dr. Hodgkin's report on the effects of irritation on the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal, contained a fuller description of that tissue in a healthy state than any which had previously been made public.

A curious discussion in this Section perhaps deserves to be noticed. Dr. Bushan exhibited some worms which he asserted had been found in the blood of a female; upon which several medical men declared that they had ascertained the woman to be an impostor, and that the worms, when examined by Mr. Rhind, had proved to be the same that are found in common ditch-water.

An important discussion in the *Chemical Section* also arose from the attack made by Professor Clarke, of Aberdeen, on Dr. Prout's account of the atomic analysis of carbonate of lime. Dr. Thomson ably defended Dr. Prout's views; he stated, that what is chemically designated an atom is, in fact, a congeries of atoms, for it was little short of absurdity to speak of the fraction of an atom. It was stated as Dr. Prout's opinion, that all elementary substances are multiples of hydrogen. Thus carbon, oxygen, &c., are, in reality, certain combinations of atoms of hydrogen. This singular theory has revived the popularity of the German hypothesis, first broached we believe by Kant, that everything is eliminated from a common principle. The discussion respecting the effect produced by the addition of water to coal-tar in a state of combustion also deserves to be noticed. Dr. Daubeny affirmed that the water increased the combusive powers of the tar: Professor Low, on the other hand, contended that there was a *deceptio visus* in the experiment. Dr. Dalton also asserted that there was an illusion; he declared that the water caused a greater elimination of light, but that it did not at all increase the heat.

MUSIC

WITH the last *bouquet* of the songs of the season before us, we are in no humour to be extreme in our criticism on "last songs," beginning with Barry Cornwall's haunting lyric, putting us into something of a sentimental, and therefore gentle humour. We might, it is true, be atrabilious, and inquire when the reign of ditties sold by their staring lithographed frontispieces will come to an end—when we shall cease to be sickened by songs written on incidents in high life, as if music and poetry could not obtain a hearing without being spiced with scandal. We might ask why Mr. Bishop's graceful and exquisite canzonets are so little known and studied—assuredly among the most perfect and classical of his works; and entreat the Chevalier Neukomm for more of such compositions

as his 'Parting Song,' and 'David's Lament,' but, instead of wasting our time and temper in such vain inquiries, we will make the best of the heap before us—how the season out as courteously as we can, and keep the vials of our bitterness for the next, which is to come.

Mr. Attwood, as the pupil of Mozart, and one who has hardly received honour due at the hands of his countrymen, has a right to stand at the head of our list. His sacred song, 'Lord of my life,' is chaste, simple, and classical.

Mr. Barnett's 'Library of Music' next claims our attention. We have the first monthly part of this work complete. It contains four original local compositions by the editor, and the overture to 'Gustavus,' with two songs from the same opera, all for the moderate price of two shillings. Two of the original songs alone, are worth the sum at least. The 'Spanish Girls,' which is pleasantly national, and the speaking canzonet, 'What I found thee I strive to forget.' We wish the work success; and, to deserve it thoroughly, Mr. Barnett must attend more carefully to the correction of the press than he has here done, and not in future sanction such a blunder, as giving words of a triumphant character to a song, which in the original has to do with witchcraft and such gloomy matters.

'Maria's cares are o'er,' a Dutch cantata, the music by Myneer Van Bree. This is the song in which M. De Vrugt made his *début* in London. We delight in cantatas, and the German composers have given us some glorious specimens of this style of composition—as, for instance, Schubert's 'Erl King,' Mendelssohn's songs, Beethoven's 'Adelaide,'—but we could fill our paper with the catalogue, and will therefore mention no more. Some of them, however, may be taxed with over-lengthiness, and this fault has kept them from occupying the place in social music which is their due—people dislike sitting silent! The song under consideration, however, is not of the longer species—it opens with a movement in *r* minor, and after being relieved by a *cantabile* in the key of *A* flat, is succeeded by an *agitato* in the original key, and concluded by a spirited movement in *r* major. There is, perhaps, no decided originality of subject in it—but what there is, is judiciously treated—and the song requires a good tenor voice, and something of mind in the singer as well as of vocal power, and will therefore be always agreeable when carefully performed.

To come from German cantatas to Mr. Haynes Bayly's songs, is like stepping out of York Minster or Kenilworth Castle, and into Almaack, where sentiment is talked, it is true, but only between the pauses of the dance, and you feel the genuine spirit of the place to be of light, and elegance, and gaiety. Here we have, 'Twas in an English valley,' set by S. Nelson, and 'If innocent, thou hast no cause for fear,' married to music by Mr. A. Lee, and they fully justify us in what we have said—the melodies of both are pleasant and harmless, and may become popular by tasteful and spirited singing. It is needless to say that we could not live upon such *bon-bon* music, though a morsel now and then may be well enough for a change.

Mr. Chelard's 'Village Queen,' Mr. Wade's 'Hope and Melody,' and Mr. Godbe's 'They knew me not,' and 'Mary Lee,' are a little more sterling than the above-mentioned melodies, and yet we have seen better works by all the three composers.

'They say that hope is happiness,' by Lord Byron, is set by J. Thomson, Esq. We notice it singly, as being the work of an amateur composer—and such always deserve especial encouragement and attention. Besides, we know Mr. Thomson's songs of old, not to be merely a heap of passages "stolen, strayed, or otherwise away conveyed" from other composers, but to contain original fancies clothed in scientific and

often tasteful garbs, and we should be glad to find them better known in musical circles.

'Let fools their fate deserving,' is a good bold bass song, composed by Mr. T. Cooke, and introduced by him into the English version of Herold's 'Pré aux Cleres.' We shall always bear testimony against such interpolations; they are neither fair to the original nor the second composer, and must displease all lovers of genuine music. 'Time is flying,' is another from the same opera, adapted (whence?) by Mr. T. Cooke. These English versions of classical foreign compositions, "with all the original music," are, we fear, for the most part as little to be relied upon as the French Memoirs of the day.

'Strain of my childhood,' arranged by A. Lee, a sort of Tyrolienne, is not amiss, for those who are not beginning to weary of this latter monotonous style of music. 'Hark to the waterfall,' composed by the same gentleman, is picturesque and innocent. Something more may be said of Mr. Bishop's 'Roundelay of the Spanish Mountaineers,' a duet for two sopranos—if not very original, it is characteristic and cheerful, and likely to be effective when sung with something of the proper southern spirit.

We close our notice, by enumerating—'Bird of Peace,' the melody and words by W. Bail, and the symphonies and accompaniments supplied by Moscheles' brilliant pen—'Lady mine,' an anciently sounding song by Miss Mounsey—'The Smuggler,' the words translated from Béranger, set to music by W. A. Wordsworth—'Mezeray,' the words by H. F. Chorley, the music by Mrs. J. B. Thomson—'Oh why must we part?' by R. Ryan, the music by Robert Green—'Oh! she is like the snowdrop fair,' ballad by Mrs. Philip Millard—'My pretty gazelle,' and 'Hark, I hear Harem bells,' both by G. A. Hodson, and 'Two lips,' by C. Hodgson. This last is silly enough to make us break our vow of charity and civility, so we conclude at once.

THEATRICALS

ROYAL KENT THEATRE.

HOWEVER the theatres may be said of late to have treated the public at large, they certainly have not been at all hard upon us of the press, who are by some called the public in little. Indeed, so perfect a truce has been granted us in the actual metropolis, that we have been enabled to carry our critical arms into the suburbs, and accordingly on Friday last, we actually made a sortie in the direction of Kensington, and took up a position in the front boxes of the Kent Theatre.

The performance commenced with 'Marie Antoinette; or, the Lover of the Queen,' which, as its title imports, is another, and in our opinion, a better version of 'The Queen's Champion,' now playing at the Haymarket. This we are impelled by truth to say, and the same motive urges us to add our opinion, that in the performance, as in the composition, the Minor most unequivocally heads the Major. *Imprimis*—there was a Mr. Tilbury, whose acting is broad without being coarse, and of whom we augur favourably. Then there was a Miss Poole, who, if she had played in the first act as well as she did in the second, would have been entitled to no common share of praise. There was also a Mrs. Cramer, a naïve and touching actress; and "last not least in our dear love," there was a Mr. Denville, of whom we will say that he will shortly prove himself either the greatest impostor, or the best actor that our stage has produced for many years. This is, perhaps, not the most refined way of recording our opinion, but it happens to be the very expression we used in speaking of Kean's first performance in London, and we choose it because we are much mistaken if in this case, as in that, the person so spoken of, do not come out of the ordeal triumphantly. Having seen

Mr. Denville but in one character, and that being one of a most peculiar cast, we do not wish, for the present, to say more, but we shall watch him with the greatest interest, and we promise to confess that we were mistaken in our hopes of him, if we must, but not without, and even then we shall do it with astonishment as well as regret.

MISCELLANEA

Character of William Combe.—We lately extracted from Campbell's 'Life of Mrs. Siddons' a short memoir of this eccentric man. A friend has since forwarded to us a somewhat different account, extracted from a brochure of Sir Egerton Brydges, entitled 'A Note on the Suppression of the Author's intended Memoirs,' Paris, 1825. 12mo.: a little volume unknown in England.—"I remember one of the most singular characters of his age, who died about two years ago, having passed his 80th year;—I mean William Combe, whose satirical poems, 'The Diaboliad,' 'The First of April,' &c., attracted universal notice about the year 1778. They were productions of personal and fashionable attack; and, as I can recollect, (for at least forty years have elapsed since I have seen them,) they were written with great vigour. The history of this poet's life would furnish a series of the most extraordinary and romantic incidents, many of which have been related to me on the best authority; but which, (so very singular as they are,) I cannot venture to relate on the mere force of a very treacherous memory. I am assured that Combe left ample MS. memoirs, which were intended to be consigned after his death to a literary friend, who could have done him justice; but which were missing after his decease, and are not yet forthcoming. The anonymous works he wrote for the booksellers would form a stupendous and incredible list, if completed. Latterly, his powers were somewhat flattened by age. At this crisis he wrote 'Dr. Syntax's Tour,' of which he gave me a copy. He was the author of 'The Letters of Thomas, second Lord Lyttelton,' which were so long believed to be genuine, and which excited such strong and general interest for several years. I am told that his average gains by authorship were about 800*l.* a year. He inherited about 10,000*l.* from an uncle in the city, which enabled him to live splendidly in the circles of high fashion for about two years—perhaps about the year 1772 or 1773, when he entirely disappeared, till at length he was discovered in the ranks of a regiment of the line in an inn at Derby, by George Steevens, an old crony, to whom he long denied himself; but who persevered in rescuing him from his degraded situation. He then came to London, and made authorship a profession. A quarrel with the late Lord Herford was the cause of his principal satires: his heroine was an old Countess Dowager of Home. I remember distinctly the great impression those satires made when I was a boy; and how many of the severest passages were on every one's lips. He had been educated, I think, at Eton; and the two years he spent in fashionable society enabled him to penetrate and be familiar with the interior of high life. He had extraordinary rapidity of apprehension and acuteness of understanding. His adversity had still sharpened his wit; and he had seen mankind in situations where their heartlessness could be tried and brought to view. He had lived long enough out of the world—at least out of the highest rank—to have some coarseness of accent when I conversed with him; but he had two delightful attractions—he was manly and unaffected. He was then perhaps seventy-seven, but he did not look more than sixty-five. He was of a middle size, muscular, and of a countenance rather rough and heavy than elegant, brilliant, or in-

tellectual. His poetry belonged to the inferior class; for satire is surely of a very secondary order; but it was vigorous, manly, and full of point and knowledge of character. The style was good, and the versification flowing. He had belonged to a generation which was gone by, and was little known to modern authors.

Tea.—It appears from the evidence of the East India Company's officers, from whom we are constrained at present to derive most of our information on these points, that the tea-plant in China has two distinct varieties, if not species, which respectively yield the *black* and the *green* teas. The tree is an evergreen. The pickings of the leaves begin about May, when the plant is in full leaf, but ready to shoot out other leaves. In the black-tea plant, the first shoot, on the bud coming out, then covered with hair, forms the fine *flowery pekoe*. A few days' more growth makes the hair begin to fall off, the leaf then expands, and becomes the *black-leaved pekoe*. Some young shoots have fleshier and finer leaves, which make the *souchong*. The next best leaves make the *campti*, the next *congou*, and the refuse and inferior leaves the *bohea*. These are the states in which the black teas are collected by the tea-farmers. The varieties of green teas appear to originate, not from the stages of picking, like the black, but partly from difference of treatment and manipulation, partly from difference of soil. A large proportion of twankay tea is the growth of a different district from that which produces the hysons. When a tea-merchant buys green tea from the farmer, he subjects it to the following process: he sifts it through one sieve, which takes out the dust, the *young hyson* and the *gunpowder*; then through another sieve, which passes the *small leaf hyson* of commerce; two other sieves successively take out the second and largest degree of size, and what does not pass the third sieve forms *hyson-skin*. The teas then undergo the process of firing, in an iron pan, at a great degree of heat, which gives the leaves a tighter twist, and brings them up to their colour. The tea which passes the first sieve is then put into a winnowing-machine, and the fan blows out the light leaf at the further end, the larger broken leaf at a shorter distance. The heavier teas, as the gunpowder and hyson, fall nearer or further from the hopper, according to their gravity, and are then separated by the winnowing-machine. When fairly made, the difference between the gunpowder and the young hyson will be this: the young leaf, which takes the long twist, will form the young hyson, and that which takes the round twist will form the gunpowder. The same mode of manufacture is pursued with respect to twankay tea, the fine leaves of which make hyson.—*The Times*.

Statistics of St. Petersburg.—*Le Voleur* gives the following statistical information respecting St. Petersburg, during the years 1832 and 1833. The population of St. Petersburg at the end of 1833 was as follows: Males, 291,290, females, 158,845. Of this number, 1968 belonged to the clergy, 38,994 to the nobility, and 9649 were foreigners. At the end of 1832, the population, consisting of various classes, was 435,486. The number of foreigners residing there was 8,365. Number of births in 1832: boys, 4775, girls 4536, total, 9311. Deaths, men, 10,836; women, 6,240; total, 17,085. Accidental deaths: drowned, 83, run over, 9, burnt, 8, frozen, 2, children found dead, 15, still-born, 7, murdered, 2, poisoned by accident, 4, suicides, 37. Number of establishments belonging to the Crown: in stone, 332, in wood, 222. Private houses: in stone, 2410, in wood, 5035. In 1833, 83 houses were built, 32 of which were of wood. The number of incendiary fires during the year 1832 was 45, of which 15 were of a very serious nature, and did considerable damage.

State of Crime in France.—According to an official statement just published, 6162 charges were tried before the Court of Assize in 1832, making an increase of 312 charges, and 832 prisoners upon those of 1831, though the number of criminals is only increased by fifty. The number of charges brought forward of crimes committed against persons was 1331, against property 3965 in number. The proportion of the number of the accused to the total of the population, is 1 out of 4304. In 1831 it was 1 out of 4281. The departments of the Seine and Corsica, furnished the greater number of cases in proportion to their population, and that of the Creuse the least, the accused being only 1 out of 15,610 inhabitants. Of the accused, 4540 could neither read nor write, 2192 could read and write but imperfectly, 682 could read and write well, and 151 had been educated in a superior manner. Out of the 74 persons condemned to death, 3 committed suicide in prison, 40 were executed, and 31 obtained a commutation of punishment.

Anecdote of Lord Nelson.—In 1781, Lord Nelson, then Captain, was chosen to conduct the naval part of the expedition against St. Juan's. Being one day excessively fatigued, he ordered his hammock to be slung under some trees. During his sleep, that extraordinary animal called a "monitory lizard," from its faculty of warning persons of the approach of any venomous animal, passed across his face; which being observed by some of the Indian itinerants, they shouted and awoke him. He immediately started up, and throwing off the quilt, found one of the most venomous of the innumerable serpents in that country coiled up at his feet. From this providential escape, the Indians who attended entertained an idea that Nelson was a superior being, under an especial protection; and this opinion, which his wonderful abilities and unwearied exertions tended to confirm, was of essential service in gaining their confidence, and prolonging their co-operation.—*United States Gazette*.

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